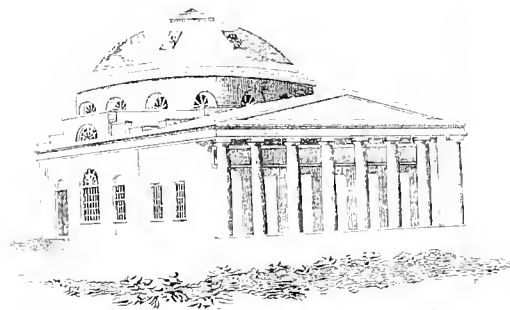
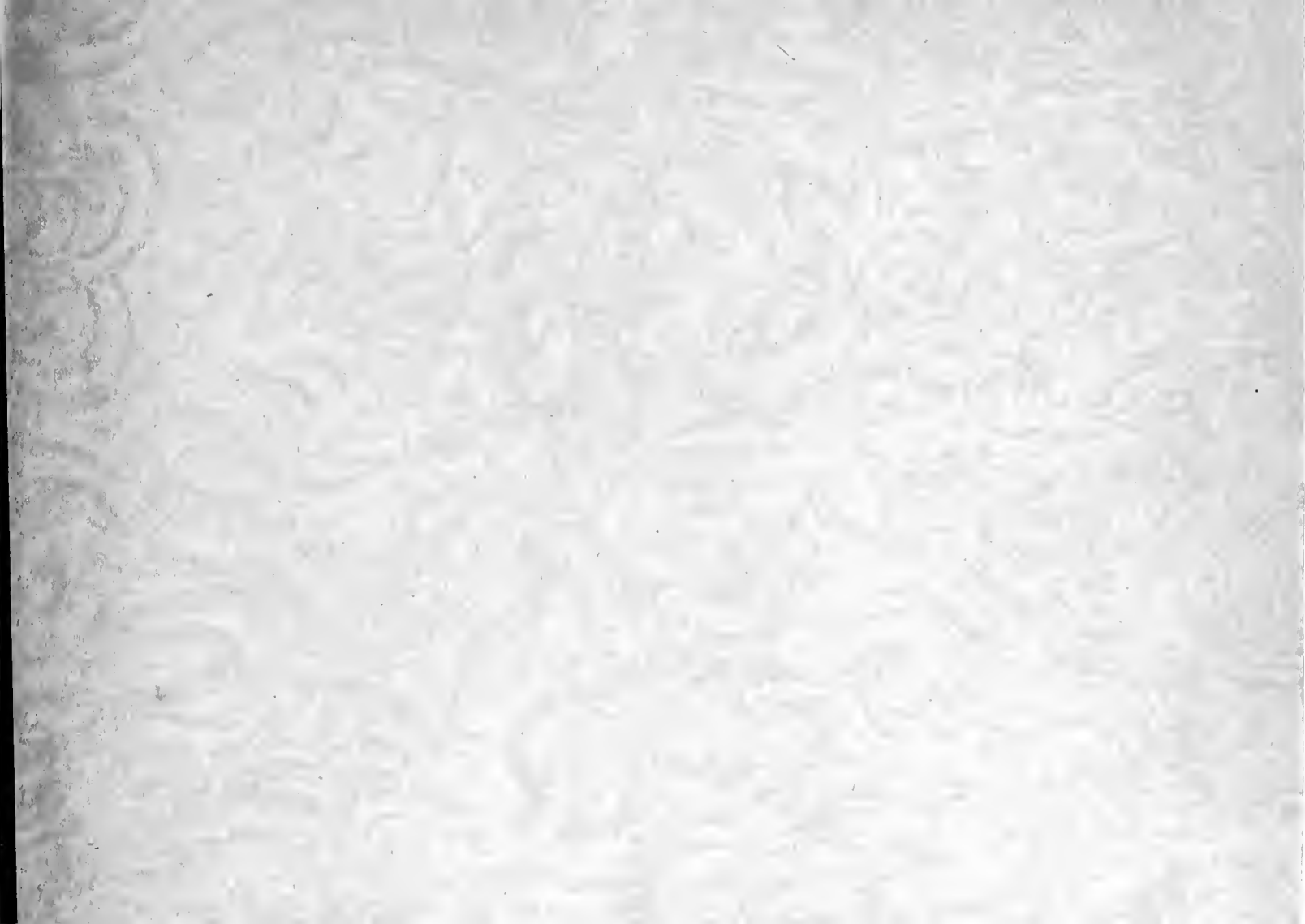


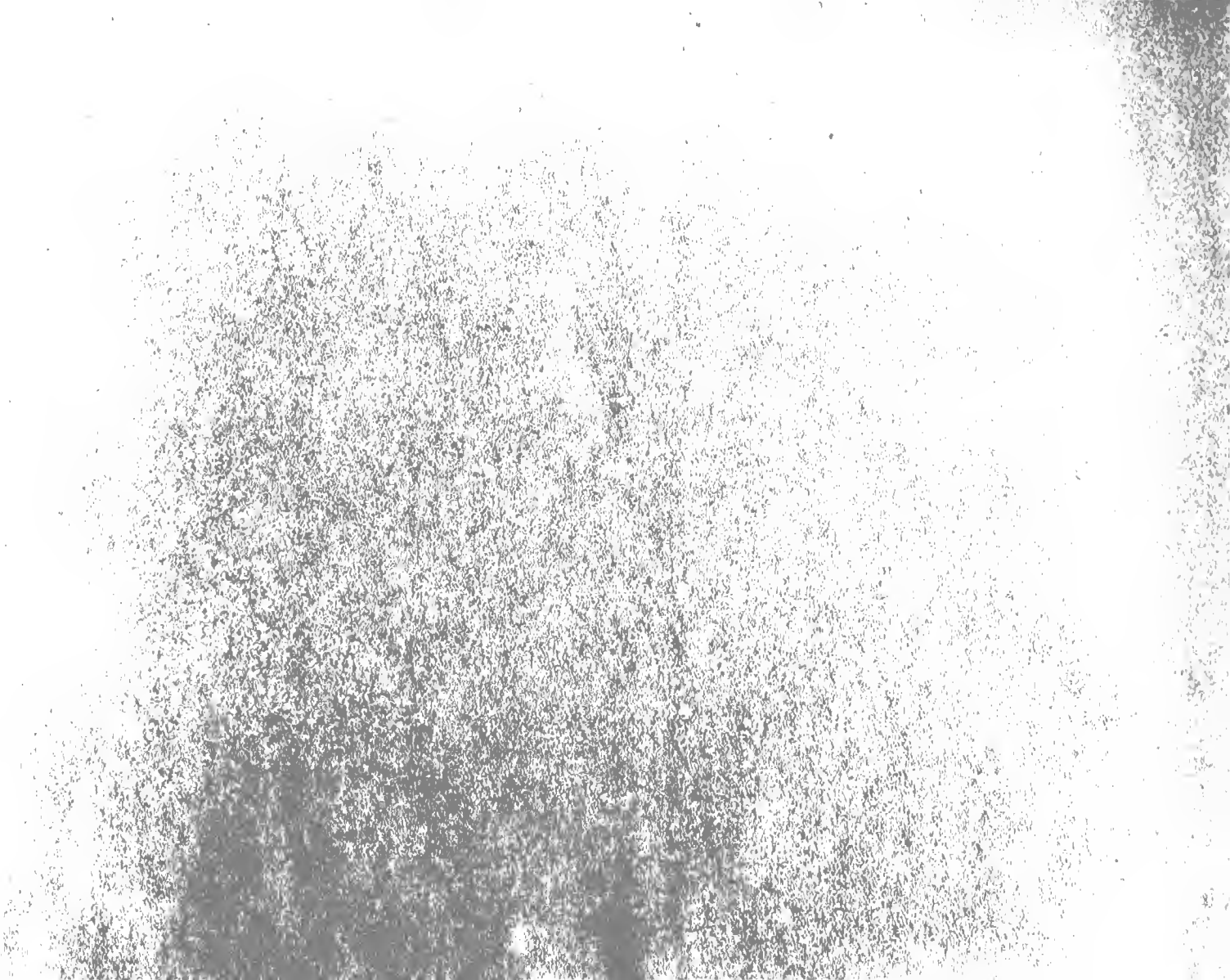


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# The Clinic

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*The* YEAR BOOK *of the* COLLEGE *of* PHYSICIANS *and* SURGEONS

VOLUME IV



PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN

28907

23999

To  
William Simon, M.D., Ph.D.  
Professor of Chemistry

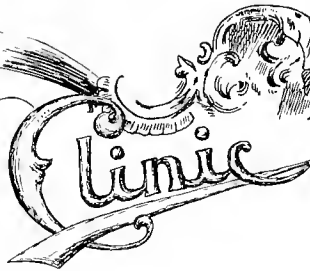
This Book is affectionately dedicated

By the Board of Editors









## Preface

It is with a feeling of pride that we present to you this, the fourth volume of *THE CLINIC*, in its new and attractive garb. All this has been brought about by no little labor and thought on the part of the Board of Editors.

We pray your indulgence in criticisms of our mistakes. We have attempted to satisfy everyone, a thing rarely accomplished. We assure those mentioned in the quips and "grinds" that there was no intention on our part of wounding them.

In Closing, we desire to thank most heartily our contributors, who generously gave their time and thought in our behalf.

THE BOARD OF EDITORS.

1910

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## Names of the Contributors to "The Clinic" 1910

### Literary

Dr. Free

Judges in Prize Essay Contest.

Longsdorf '10.

Brehmer '10

Flynn '11

The Class Historians,

Fox '10

Hamilton '11.

Whitcomb '11.

Zutcher '11.

"The Unknown, for which we are not responsible."

### Art

Swint '11.

Whitcomb '11.

Canavan '12.

Sweet '12.



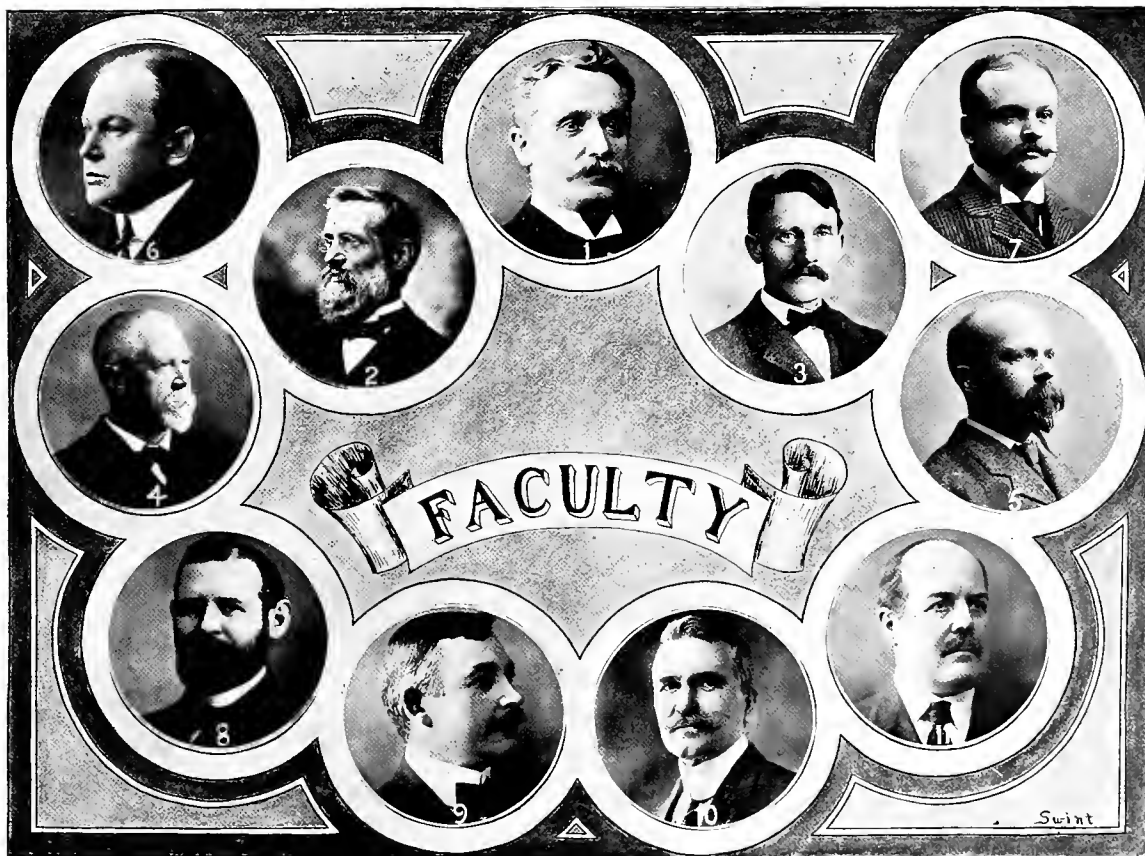
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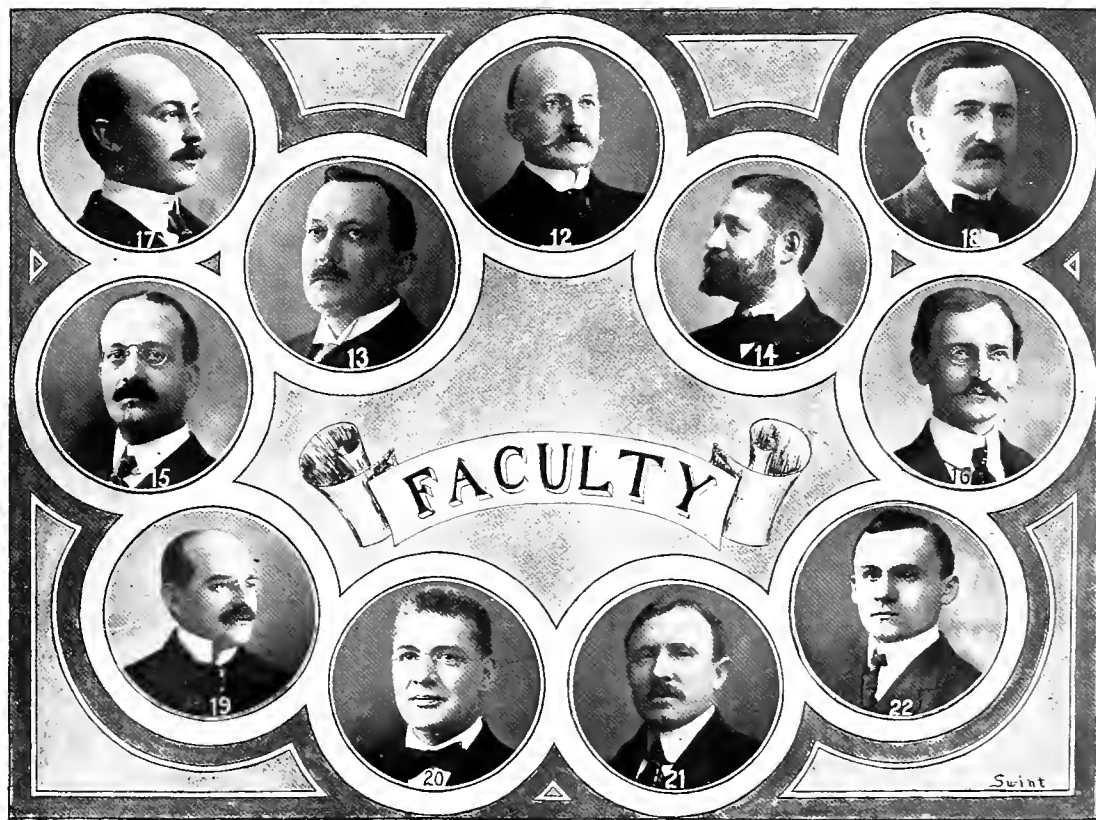
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Clinical Professor of Obstetrics.
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Acting Professor of Physiology.



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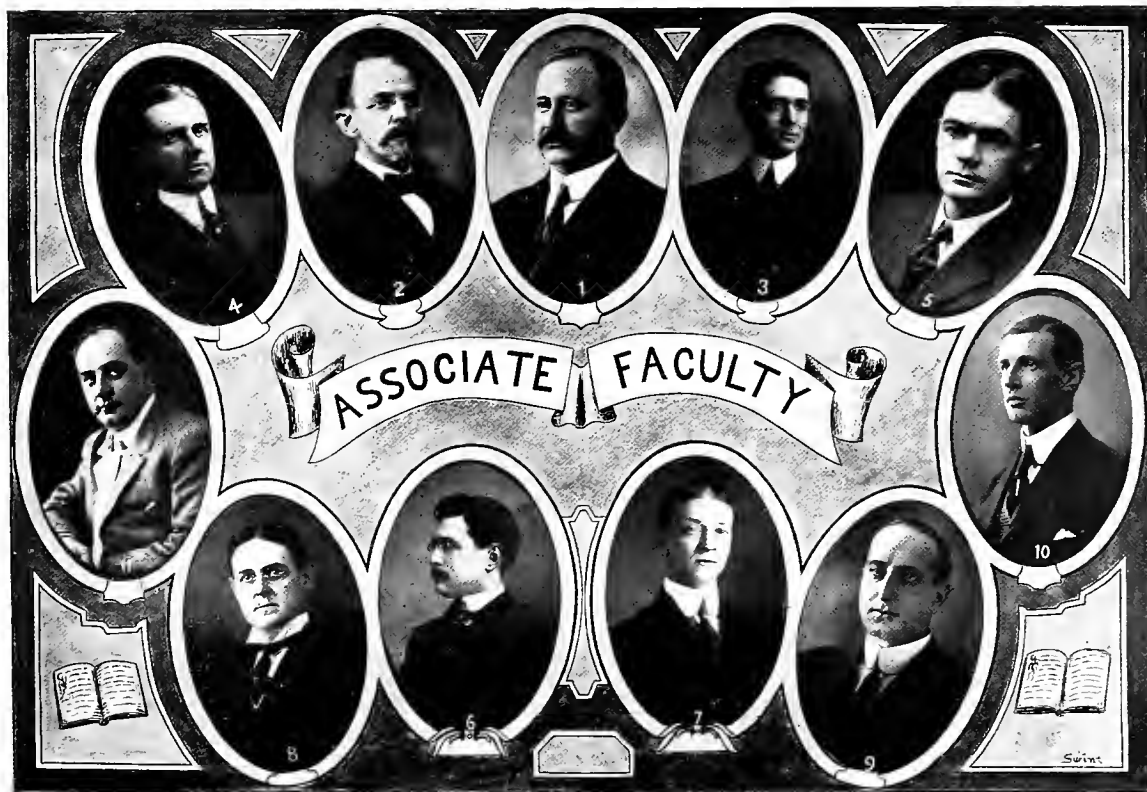
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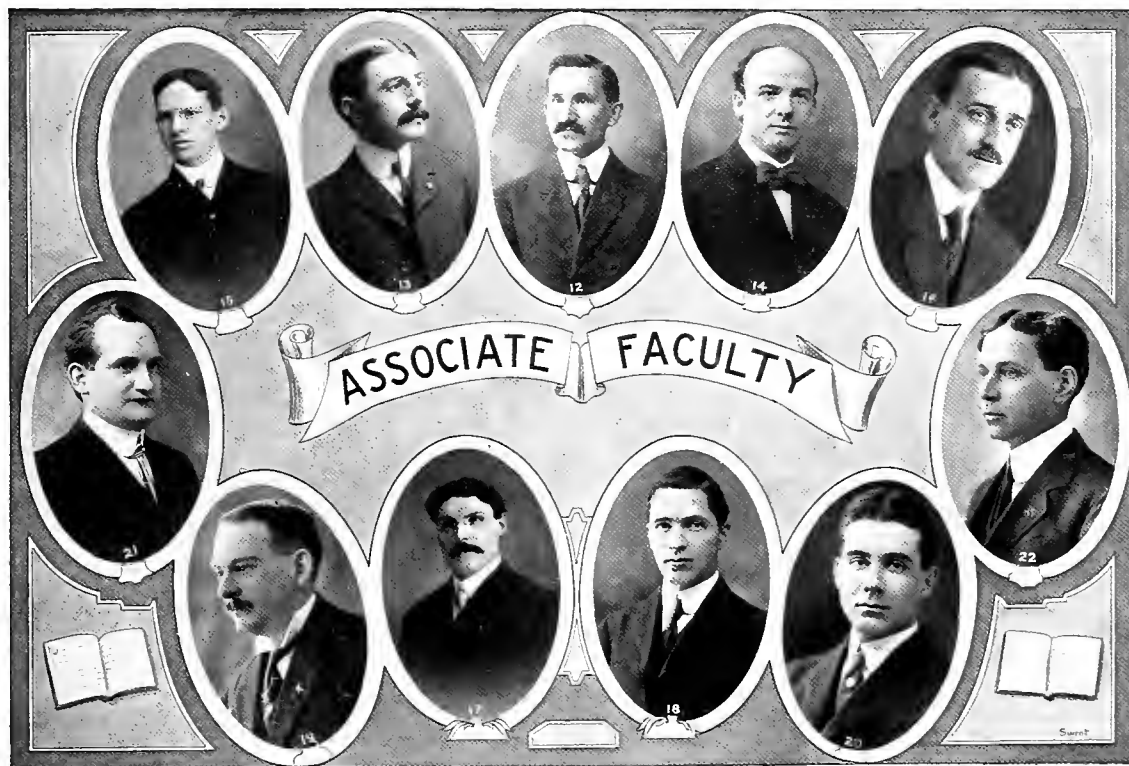
(11) ARTHUR P. HERRING, M.D.  
Associate Professor of Physiology and Neuro-Pathology.

(12) CALEB W. G. ROHRER, A.M., PH.D., M.D.  
Associate Professor of Pathology and Assistant in Genito-Urinary Diseases.



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Demonstrator of Eye and Ear Diseases.
- (24) JOHN WADE, M.D.  
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Associate in Gastro-Enterology.

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Assistant in Eye and Ear Department.

(27) A. LEE ELLIS, M.D.

Assistant in Diseases of Children.

(28) GILBERT F. BUXTON, M.D.

Assistant in Diseases of Children.

(29) J. G. ONNEN, PH.G., M.D.

Instructor in Chemistry.

(30) HENRY L. WHITTLE, M.D.

Lecturer on Physiological Chemistry.

(31) ANTON G. RYTINA, M.D.

Associate in Genito-Urinary Surgery.

(32) FRANCIS W. JANNEY, M.D.

Demonstrator of Eye and Ear Diseases.

(33) SPENCER M. FREE, A.M., M.D.

Special Lecturer on Medical Ethics and Economics.

S. GRIFFETH DAVIS, M.D.

Lecturer on Anaesthesia and Assistant Demonstrator in Anatomy.

J. STAIGE DAVIS, M.D.

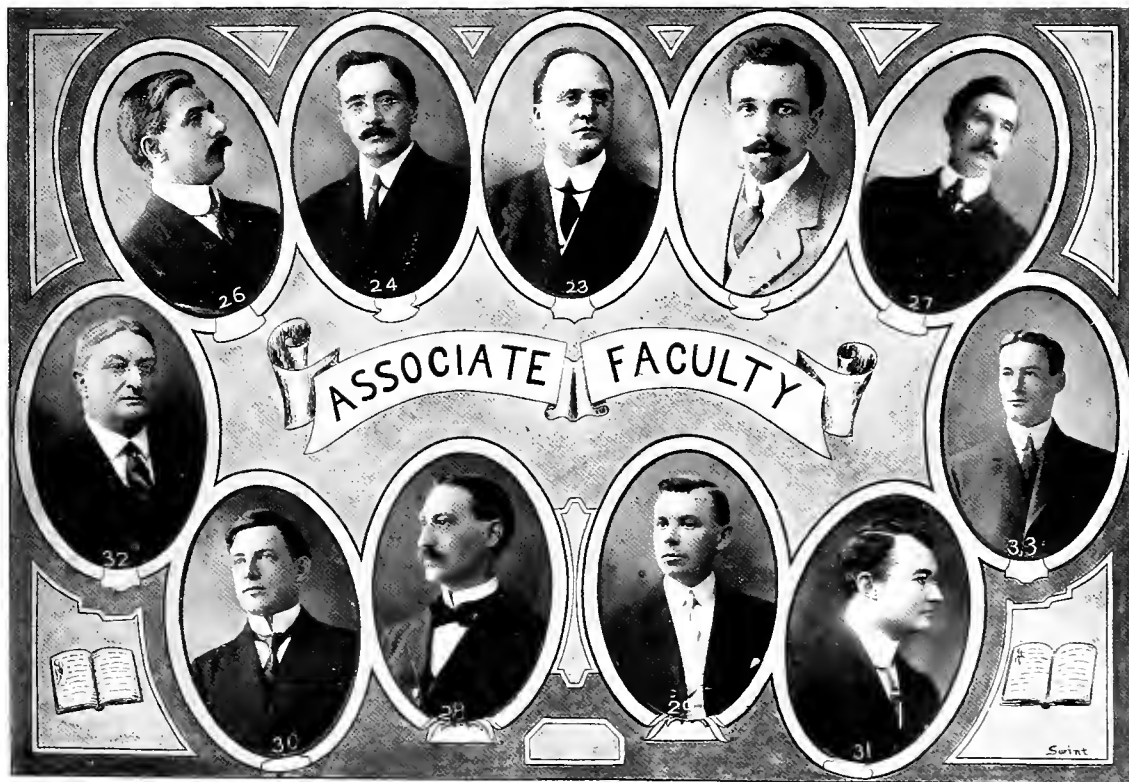
Demonstrator in Surgery.

FREDERIC V. BETTLER, M.D.

Demonstrator in Histology and Pathology.

The members of the Associate Faculty whose pictures do not appear herein have been omitted, due to the fact that the Committee has been unable to secure them.





ASSOCIATE FACULTY



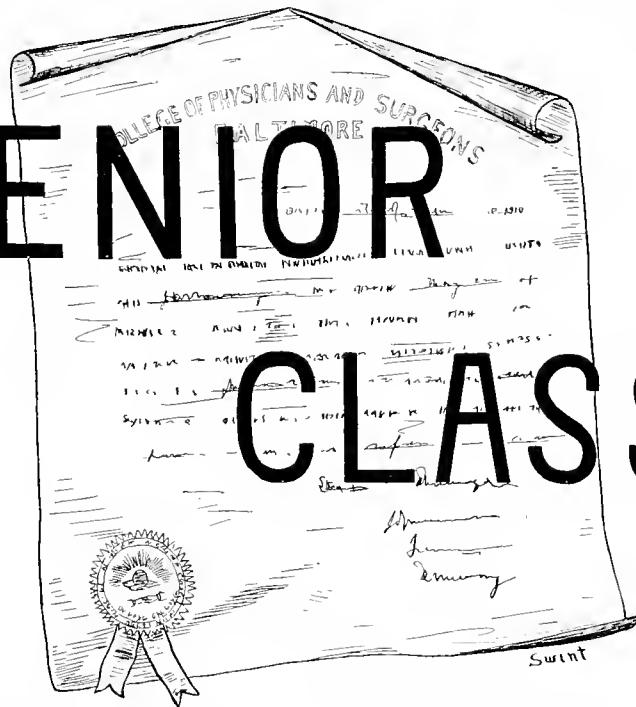
Swint

## The Clinic

Here it is again, the dear,  
The choicest prize of the year,  
In her white and purple hood  
Brightening the hours with all that's good  
We, who, sometimes worn with care,  
Take the paths, to find unaware  
Joy that heartens, hope that thrills,  
Love our cup of life that fills,  
Since in the year's remembered nooks,  
Lifting fair familiar looks,  
Brings to us thoughts of happy days,  
Casting 'round us cheerful rays;  
Once again with courtesying grace,  
In the same familiar place,  
Our class its' mannal sign has set  
In this fair prize, "OUR CLINIC."

J. F. F.

# SENIOR CLASSES



## Senior Class Officers

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<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	G. C. BLAKE
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	W. D. BLANKENSHIP
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	H. GOLDMAN
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<i>Executive Committee</i> . . . . .	W. G. HARPER
<i>Executive Committee</i> . . . . .	G. W. KAHLE
<i>Executive Committee</i> . . . . .	W. W. HOBSON
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> . . . . .	C. J. LANGLOIS



ANDERSON, WM.

Utah

Silent of speech, yet no recluse, is this worthy and respected member of the senior class. Life to him is a funny proposition after all, as he has come to realize that his very hair on his head are numbered.—Is this the result of simple married life, or has the little addition to his family been responsible for this "Alopecia Prematura?"

AVIDON, MAURICE S.,  $\Phi \Delta \Theta$

New Jersey

Lo, second upon our list is this fair-haired Israelite. He has tried to set the world afire, but uses too poor a grade of kerosene. He is always willing to give advice and offer his contribution to the great medical world, yet no one ever heard him say anything worth listening to.





BENSON, F. L. (" Benny "), Φ B Π

Dubois, Pa.

Benny is the only man of Falstaffian proportions in the class. He has never been known to worry, which probably accounts for the avoirdupois. Many men have asked him what he eats, but no answer—it is a secret. Benny is a good-looking fellow—if you don't believe it, look in Ilgenfritz's window.

BERRY, C. F., M. D., Φ Σ

Boston, Mass.

College of P. and S., Boston, '99.

Berry has practiced medicine during spare time for the last ten years. Helped Lawson "bust" the copper market and came to Baltimore in the interest of "me and Tom," under the pretext of taking a special course in medicine. Swaps pony tips with Longsdorf and helps pay Hereford's gas bills. " Doctor " has a fondness for Prince Alberts and carnations.





BLAKE, G. C., K Ψ

Glen Jean, W. Va.

Grove is an active member of the Sears Athletic Club. Since entering civilization has developed a fondness for bathtubs and has been known to sleep in one. He is rather tall and nice to look upon, but is a bad man, judging from reports. Grisinger says he likes his suds, and "Gris" ought to know.

BLANES, ANTONIO

Puerto Rico

Formerly a comedian, ever possessed with a sunny smile. Hails from that picturesque little island of Puerto Rico, where the dark-eyed señoritas have their natural habitat. Is distinguished by his cute little moustache and his rapid powers with the fair sex. The world will hear from him later, as the "bookies" already have.





BLANKENSHIP, W. D. ("Bud"), X Z X, Δ A E

Chillicothe, Ohio

Treasurer 07-08; Secretary 09-10.

Bud is general handy man in the class, having served on the sick committee for four years. He carries a pipe, but no tobacco or matches. Wears a chronic "gimme" expression and pitches pennies between lectures. He joined the benedicts last year and immediately became a "suffragette." At present he is busy cultivating a lovely (?) crop of sideburns.

BOLTON, H. A. ("Harry"), Φ X

Massachusetts

This kind-hearted, good-natured fellow is from Massachusetts. This accounts for his modesty and professional appearance. Before entering P. and S. Harris was a school teacher in the little red school house on the hill. Here he imparted knowledge to the extent of his ability. In Baltimore he has confined his operations to the Y. M. C. A. and dancing. In the latter art he excells. The ladies consider him "real cute."







BONNESS, E. I. ("Bonny")

Canada

Bonny is a great sport and ladies man. Who doesn't remember seeing him at least once on Charles Street, attempting to introduce purple socks in the "beau monde." He is always at hand when there are social functions at Mt. Vernon Church and the Germania Maennerchor Hall. The girls will miss him greatly.

BREHMER, H. L. ("Jick"), Z X Z

Chillicothe, Ohio

Historian 07-08; Year-Book Com. 08-09.

Jick or 'Andsome 'Arry, hails from the town Bud Horatio Alger Blankenship has made famous, and realizes that he must uphold the glory of the old town. From the study of Pennsylvania Dutch, he has turned his attention to the "War of the Roses." Strange to relate, he sympathizes with the Red Rose, the emblem of the House of Lancaster. He wears a red rose over the spot where his heart should be. He is a consistent lover, for "Every day is ladies' day with him."





BURN, J. J. (" Jerry "), Φ Β Π

New Jersey

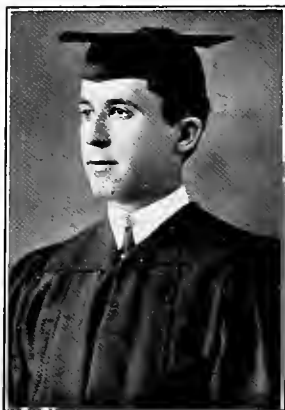
Jerry is a merry man—with himself. May be seen in the halls between lectures in deep meditation. The reason for this is unknown, save to himself. His book, "Meditations for Students," is shortly to be published.

CAMPBELL, O. C., Κ Ψ

Volga, W. Va.

Another of the recently acquired West Virginia curios. He is a Jack of all trades, having done everything from digging coal to riding a county circuit. Is known in police circles as Lebeau and has been an expensive luxury to his class as a result of this distinction. It is rumored that he has been engaged to train Jim Jeffries, and judging by his pugilistic tendencies, we have no reason to doubt it. For further "info" along this line see Avidon.





CRONIN, D. J.

Westerly, R. I.

Champion silent man of the class. Wears a Vandyke and claims to have grown it himself. When not at college, he spends his time as head waiter at a summer hotel and it is said that he is an expert hand at watering milk. Cronin has actually been known to smile on several occasions.

CRUMRINE, L. B. ("Crummie"),  $\Sigma \Phi E$

Washington, Pa.

Another member of the "one best bet" gang. He is the original ladies man and also the original lazy man. It is whispered that he formerly indulged in athletics and at one time was a well-known Marathon runner. We doubt this, as no one has ever seen him in a hurry.





DALY, C. W., X Z X

Hartford, Conn.

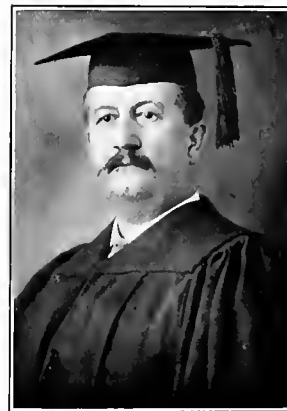
President 07-08; Ex. Com. 09-10.

Charley entered into an association with Keating in his freshman year for the sole purpose of convenience in arguments. However, when Tom's wisdom grew, Charley was forced to seek for a companion "in disgust" and managed to rope in Hanrahan. He became quite heavy with the fair sex and consequently bought a dress suit. When not at school, he divides his time between his books and his lunions.

DAVISSON, I.

West Virginia

"Pa" is a man of varied accomplishments, ranging from farming to managing a street piano. Being a man of versatile character and friendly bearing, he has won a host of friends at college.





DUVALLY, F. A.,  $\Phi B \Pi$

Fall River, Mass.

What is all that cheering one hears? Why, that is the great applause as "Young Harrison" steps out on the platform of fame and popularity. He can tell you the meaning of every big word in his text-books, when you give him a chance to look it up. He is small and there is not much of him, but he gets there just the same. For verification of this, enquire of the United Railways, especially the Catonsville Division.

FINKELSTONE, B. B. ("Fink")

Connecticut

Fink is a cheerful little chap, who is able to get there in a quiet manner. He is one of our recent acquisitions from Yale. Is "some" musician when he wants to be. The dressiest man in the class.





FISHER, J. C.,  $\Phi$  B II

Akron, Ohio

It has always been an enigma to all hereabouts as to which is the horizontal and which the perpendicular diameter of this unfortunate production. Incessantly does he talk, yet never has he been known to say anything. We all feel rather lenient toward him, as we know of his married life and the many disadvantages of such a state. Poor Julius!

FLEMING, F. B. ("Frank"),  $\Phi$  X

New Brunswick

The noisiest man in the class. Loves to boast of his love affairs and tell of the many hearts that he has broken. Has quite an affinity for theatres and may be seen strolling along Charles Street at most any hour. Happy will Frank be, when he can take his little bride and settle down in that little town in New Brunswick.





Fox, L. O.,  $\Phi B \Pi$

West Virginia

To look at him, one might expect him to be a man with a boy's brain, yet would one believe that he took a poor widow's only cow in payment for his wise and efficient medical service? So the story is told, but those who know him are surprised that he did not take the milk pails as interest.

FROITZHEIM, W. J. (Froit " ),  $\Phi \Delta E$

Auburn, N. Y.

This round-faced youth was born in the baseball season, so to him athletics are more important than medicine. Can give more hot air than any other member of the class. Usually occupies a prominent seat in the "peanut gallery." Ask Urbanski for further particulars.





GIORGISSI, JOSEPH,  $\Phi \Delta E$

Uniontown, Pa.

How do you pronounce it? You don't pronounce it,—you sneeze it. Some call him "Caruso" and others "Spagette," but they never say it to his face. He is a member of the Black Hand in good standing and has several times tried to pulverize Vogt. Somewhere in the dim past, Joe kept a "speak easy,"—but there is no use in getting personal.

GOLDMAN, HARRIS,  $\Phi X$

"Let me silent be,  
For silence is the speech of love."

Harris is a quiet, retiring little chap, who has the faculty of minding his own business.

Baltimore







GRISINGER, G. F. (" Gris "), K Ψ

West Virginia

Gris hails from the mountainous part of mountainous West Virginia. Was formerly a star ball player in Gauley Bridge and once had aspiration of belonging to the Baltimore Orioles. Has specialized in Mental Diseases, Eye and Ear and all the rest of them. He knows Pimlico and can give you some points when it comes to playing the races.

GROUNDS, W. L. (" Grundo "), X Z X, Σ Φ E

Houston, Pa.

Side-partner to Moore and consequently not responsible. Interested in cabbage and calves. Is a member in good standing of the " one best bet " gang. Bob Maloney is his favorite author. Smokes " Five Brothers " when he can't bum " Tuxedo." Frequently receives a suspicious-looking box from Houston, Pa.—Who is she, Grundo?





HANRAHAN, J. M. (" Jim "), X Z X

Unionville, Conn.

Jim is the original ladies' man. He has " Heinz's 57 Varieties " beaten by at least fifty. He is a walking directory of girls and it is rumored that the Census Office has offered him a large salary to cover Baltimore in its behalf. He rooms with Daly, so this probably accounts for the rumor.

HARPER, W. GLEN, Φ Σ Κ, Κ Ψ

Elkins, W. Va.

Another snake. A product of West Virginia University, who has learned since coming here that the food doesn't go through the Foramen Magnum. He is a " cute " little black-eyed boy and is married. The missus calls him Billy. His favorite amusements are visiting the Victoria Theatre and pitching pennies. It seems hard for the " profs " to realize that he isn't Hunter.





HIGGINS, G. L., K Ψ

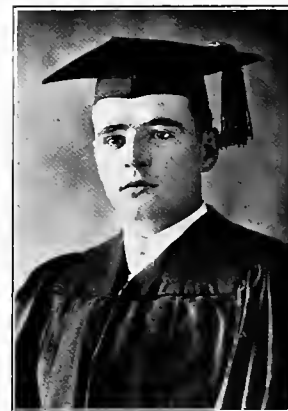
Carbondale, Pa.

"I have spent four long years at P. and S. by pitching pennies and attending lectures occasionally, longing for the time when I could behold that valuable sheep-skin and call myself a doctor. I have now concluded that rather than pitch pennies, my happy moments will be only when I can play my violin in some orchestra with my Irish friend Seidel."

HOLYROYD, F. F., Φ B II

Athens, W. Va.

"For he is the noblest Roman of them all." If you do not believe this, look at that nose. Would you believe that such a person could be papa three times? As for "experience," he leads the class. What kind of experience? Well, that would be telling, yet he still loves his little tin whistle and his weekly visits with Dr. Simon. He is the official peacemaker of the class. Just see him prepare for a fight and watch his coat come off—when it does, you know that the safety valve is in perfect order.





HUGHES, J. W. (" Jack "),  $\Phi X$

Westerly, R. I.

Jack is another of the class benedicts. He is marked from the others by not having that worried look and the premature baldness. He is very economical with his words, and no one has ever heard him waste any. He is popular for that reason.

HUNTER, W. BYRD,  $\Phi \Sigma K$ ,  $K \Psi$

Citic, W. Va.

Ex. Com. 09-10.

Formerly a builder of railroads, he is now an almost finished product of P. and S. He came from West Virginia University with the expectation of showing the people over here how to do things. This explains why he takes notes better than anyone else. He is an expert in Pediatrics and is called " Papa " by 517 " kiddies " at the Home for the Friendless.





KAHLE, G. W. ("Stud"), Φ X

Oil City, Pa.

Year-Book Com. 08-09; Ex. Com. 09-10.

Gabe is a business man, having managed everything from a grocery store to John Schaefer. Has a fondness for "penny ante" and hence his nickname. Occasionally breaks into elite society, and upon such occasions wears a cut-glass diamond. "Stud" talks with his hands, feet and eyebrows, but only uses his mouth for chewing purposes.

KEATING, T. ("Tom"), Φ B II

Connecticut

Tom is from the "Free and Sovereign State." This accounts for his wit and cleverness. He hasn't a great deal to say, but as a rule gets there. It is said that he is "some" man with the ladies, who delight in his dignified bearing.





KELSEA, W. H. (" Kelse "), K Ψ

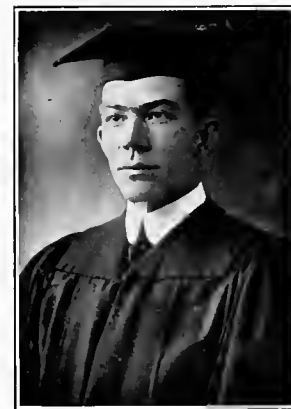
Canada

Imported from Canada and of course duty free. The only reason he doesn't grow whiskers and look like a " real doctor " is that his girl won't let him. Is said to be the handsomest man in Canada when he is at home and proudly displays to his close friends a medal won in a Handsome Man contest. His favorite amusements are treating the sick and playing the races. Is an expert in the latter.

KIMZEY, J. A. (" Al "), A K K

Detroit, Mich.

Late boxing instructor at Yale and at present is taking medicine as a side issue. Lead the retreat at Billibid and is the veteran of many bull-fights. His latest act of heroism is the capture of Jimmie McGinn's tapeworm. Never happier than when telling of his travels. His book on " People I have met " will be published shortly. Owns a bronze medal and several honorable discharges.





LAHAM, N. G. (" Effendi ")

Syria

Struts around like a Pasha and manages to get in everyone's way in Ward Class. When quizzed, he always clears his throat and curls his moustache before answering. Bought a can of tobacco when school opened and at last report was saving it as a souvenir. Laham likes American girls.

LANGLOIS, C. J. (" Charlemagne "), Φ Δ Ε

Pittsfield, Mass.

Sergeant-at-Arms 09-10.

Charlie is a cherub. When not acting as class policeman, he keeps the ladies away from Hobson. He suffered a severe fall from the " H<sub>2</sub>O wagon " and has since attended medical meetings regularly. " Prof." Bill Amos uses him for demonstration purposes in dietetic lectures. Charlie wears false teeth.





LEGRIS, L. J. A. ("Louie")

Arctic Centre, R. I.

Louie was born in a cold climate, which undoubtedly stunted his growth. Has a fondness for strolling along Baltimore Street. Smokes a pipe, carries a notebook and wears a cap. This marks him as a student. Has a very winning smile to which, no doubt, many ladies have succumbed.

LITTLE, A. L. ("Lonnie"), ΦΒΠ

New Jersey

"Don't we go to the same school?" This is always his retort when some fellow student offers him his opinion upon some subject. But he is excusable, for they're responsible for lots of things in Jersey. His moustache is hardly the success his kinky hair is. He was born on the same day with Cincinnatus.







HOBSON, W. W. ("Hob"), Φ X

Paterson, N. J.

Ex. Com. 09-10.

Hob is a Jerseyite. He is that tall good-looking fellow one sometimes sees around the school. It is said that he is related to his famous namesake, but no one has ever heard of his emulating the lieutenant as a kisser. Is a member in good standing of the penny-pitchers.

LOCHER, R. W., Φ B Π

Portsmouth, Ohio

Year-Book Committee 08-09.

Ohio will some day point with pride to her blonde-haired little surgeon, who may be known far and wide. Roy comes from the town made famous by leather and Julia Marlowe. Is "right there" with knowledge in all subjects and can impart it quicker than any other man in the class. Rooms and chums with Duvalley.





LONGSDORF, H. E. ("Pee-Wee"), X Z X

Dickinson, Pa.

Vice-Pres. 06-07; Editor Year-Book 08-09; Valedictorian 09-10.

Pee-Wee formerly dwelt in classic halls at Lawrenceville, where, because of his ball-tossing ability, he was known as "Cy Seymour." Since entering P. and S. he has several times demonstrated that ability. When not engaged in winning prize contests, he acts as tipster for the "one best bet" gang. He is a confirmed exponent of dry cleaning. Is said that he wrote an autobiography for the Dickinson Astonisher, but he modestly denies it. At present he needs only a knife and a dog to make him happy. Oh, You Surgeon!

MCCLEARY, B. O. ("Mac"), Φ Β Π

Baltimore, Md.

As for his past, we can say little—his present is enough. "Benny" is the pride of the class, for he is our only living example of a beautiful lordosis. Talk about your Gibson walk—Gibson would die of cardiac depression would he see the "Benny" walk. Dr. Benny knows a great deal, for he studies until sunrise every night. He is never down because his feet are always up.





MACMILLAN, H. A. (" Mac "), Φ X

Butte, Mont.

Ex. Com. 09-10.

Mac is the wild and woolly member of our class. He has several times tried for class president, but being law-abiding citizens, we were forced to decline his services. He has tried everything from gold mining to pill feeding at Dr. Gundry's Home. At present it is reported that he is engaged in steering his ship in the sea of matrimony. Mac took a course at Woman's College under the direction of Blankenship. Heavenly Twins are right in his line, according to Duvalley.

MAXON, C. W. (" Charlie "), Φ X

Point Pleasant, N. J.

Charlie has great aspirations of becoming a surgeon. He readily agrees with all, in all the points of knowledge discussed. In a few years, we will no doubt hear of his founding a hospital on his native heath, treating the lame and the halt in a manner that will make the Mayo Brothers envious.





MACDEDE, F. H. (" Mac "), ΦΒΠ

New Jersey

Mac is one of those who are tried and true. He is unpretentious and bears the respect of every student in college. " He is prompt at every call." As the name of Mac signifies, he has some of those qualities of an Irishman, and often becomes witty ( ?). He will be heard of later.

MCGINN, J. F. (" Jimmie "), X Z X

Pawtucket, R. I.

Jimmie hocked his razor, so look at what grew on him. He is a horrible example of what the hookworm will do. Is always there with the glad hand and is ever willing to give pointers on kids' diseases. Has an extensive practice in South Baltimore and has lately arranged with Al Kimzey to take his night calls. Jimmie suffers from chronic brokeitis.





MAYSELES, A.

Pennsylvania

Like a blacksmith, he has a number of irons in the fire at one time. We have been blessed (?) with his presence for one year only, yet in that time he has assumed the position of "class champion of all causes." Recently he has taken special delight in competing for at least six hospital appointments. We wonder why he is still at large.

MOORE, L. H. ("Louie"). X Z X, Σ Φ E

Houston, Pa.

Louie claims to have two homes in Western Pennsylvania and we'll have to take his word for it. He is called "Grandpa" by his closest friends, but when asked the meaning of the term, he smiles and says, "Peafowl am a beautiful bird." He is strong for hunting bee trees, but claims never to have been stung. His worst fault is that he rooms with Grounds. Best natured man in the class by unanimous vote. Note—He kept the writer in smoking tobacco since Xmas, so that the above sentence would be inserted.





NAIMAN, B.

Baltimore, Md.

Hails from the depths of South East Baltimore. Has a voice like a child and a pose that would make Hawkshaw turn green with envy. He and his worthy college chum, Seidel, will no doubt set South East Baltimore afire some day.

NEWELL, J. O. ("Doc"), ΦΧ

Mapleville, N. C.

Sergeant-at-Arms 06-07; President 09-10.

Doc is sponsor for the class, so it naturally follows that it is one of the finest. He has a "nigger record" to be proud of. Never tires of telling his "darkey and mule" story. Rooms with Trent because he chews the same kind of long cut. Doc grew a beard to protect himself from the girls.





POWERS, J. T. ("Red"), K Ψ

Canada

This quiet and unobtrusive little fellow hails from the wilds of the Hudson Bay country. This probably accounts for his timidity, as he has not seen much of the world. A short time ago he made himself famous by growing a moustache and diagnosing a case of eclampsia.

NOLAND, E. B., Φ B Π

Virginia

He is a prodigy. Is little of stature with a small head, but we often wonder how one so small can hold the vast amount of knowledge stored away in it. Is jolly as a cricket and his peculiar laugh can be heard all over college.



APR 16 1940



QUINN, E. T.

Minersville, Pa.

Rooms with Smith—and you know. Attends medical meetings regularly and worked the faculty into giving him a job on the house staff. He belongs to the bodyguard which escorts the “profs” into the lecture halls. Quinn thinks it is his duty to laugh when a professor cracks a joke (?).

RIPPERT, J. A., ΦΒΠ

New York

A rare specimen of humanity. Jimmie went to Philadelphia to college, but found society there disagreeable so came to Baltimore. Here he has made quite an hit, chiefly on account of his looks. He may be known in the dark by his soft feminine voice.







ROE, T. E., ΦΧ

Travelers Rest, S. C.

Theron came to Baltimore to introduce "moonlight corn brew," but owing to the fight against pellagra he gave it up as a bad job. He is in the habit of making frequent trips to the Rennert, but of course he is not to blame for "her" appetite. At present he is on exhibition at Dr. Gundry's Sanatorium and one would have to travel afar before meeting a finer all-round good fellow.

SAYRE, C. F.

West Virginia

The leading and oldest resident member of the Sears Athletic Club in good standing. Is a connoisseur of tobacco and is said that he intends to go to China to inform the "Chinks" about that fruit (?).





SCHAEFER, J. G. W. ("Schaefer"),  $\Phi X$

Ohio

"Mr. President, I do not agree with the other gentlemen present and want you to understand that I do intend to do as I please, regardless of your decision. I am a Buckeye and am proud of it. Like all my illustrious predecessors from that grand and glorious state, I follow no one's example or dictations."

SCHILLINGBURG, E. P. ("Schillie"),  $K \Psi$

West Virginia

"No, I beg your pardon, I am not a Jew." However, he was recently a merchant on Harrison Street and decided to come to P. and S. to make a doctor of himself. How well he succeeds will be known in a year or two by inquiring at the other house in Gormanian. This is the greatest place in West Virginia. Schillie is great for Sunday School and ought to have been a minister.





SEIDEL, H.,  $\Phi \Delta E$

Baltimore, Md.

What is it? Duvalley says it is Irish, but we are inclined to blame it on Exeter Street. He is a follower of Herr Most and Emma Goldman, but doesn't throw bombs, as his picture would imply. On the contrary, he is quiet and unassuming and manages to get along with everyone.

SEYMOUR, G. A., ("Cy"),  $\Phi X$

New Jersey

"Cy" is a true sport. Visitors to the college often ask what the young well-dressed blonde doctor is, that they see standing in the halls. The sporting page in a newspaper is his favorite literature and he can tell you the batting averages of any man on the big teams.





SISTLER, F. H. ("Sis"), ΦΒΠ

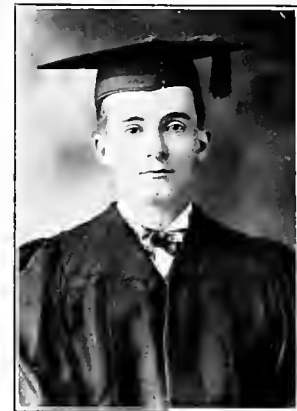
West Virginia

Frank is the only real sport in the class. He looks young, innocent and unsophisticated, despite his long and eventful life and numerous love affairs. Has a perfectly lovely cane and a cute little kodak. Doesn't chew, smoke or drink. Rooms with Fox and is rarely seen without him. For further information, consult Fox.

SKILTON, A. W. ("Skil"), ΩΥΦ

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Came to us from Cornell, but fortunately got over it. Passed a quiet summer with the "bugs" at the Shepherd and Pratt, where he formed the habit of wearing a white coat. Had an hard time getting over it when college opened. Never held a class office and consequently hasn't any enemies.





STEINKE, F., Φ X

New York

Frank is a quiet, unobtrusive fellow who wears a perpetual grin. Has lived for three years in the purlieus of Chatsworth Hill, the district famed for its chorus girls. Wonderful to relate, no one has yet seen him talk to one. What better may be said of him?

SWEENEY, JOHN J. (" Jack ")

Massachusetts

Follow his example in all but one thing—never get married. Jack is one in a thousand, for he bears all his sorrows and troubles with that degree of forbearance which has won for him the respect of all his classmates. This makes him the man worth while, for he's the man with a smile, when everything goes dead wrong.





SMITH, A. C., N Σ N

Danbury, Conn.

The dark, handsome chap that you see here is some strong with the ladies. Wears a chronic "peace be with you" expression, but looks are deceiving, as he is known as the "hundred dollar sport." Main object in life is to make a shady place for Quinn to walk in. He must have a terrible past, as he was very desirous that we should not look into it.

STAMBAUGH, E. S., Φ X

York, Pa.

When this little man opens his big eyes and looks at you in his innocent, frightened way, you wonder whether he is four or more. Talks as if his words were worth two dollars apiece. Could draw a picture of what he wants easier than telling it. "Stam" does an awful lot of thinking that he never gets credit for.





TOOMIN, E. (" Too Much "),  $\Phi \Delta E$

Maryland

" Friends, I never follow my nose. I always try to be quiet and seek my place in the last row in the class room. Very little may be said of me, because as yet I have not published my great appeal for our final restoration. I may not shine from my own brightness, yet I use Sapolio every day."

TRENT, L. E.,  $\Phi X$

North Carolina

Trent is a prominent member from the hookworm state. Its ravages have not been seen on him, however. His only fault is his whiskers. The tears flow without stint when they appear in the horizon.





TUCKWILER, J. R. ("Tuck"), K Ψ

West Virginia

Hails from the wilds of West Virginia. He entered P. and S. when quite young and never recovered from it. Delights in throwing chalk at Vogt and makes more noise than all the other "snakes" put together, which is going some. "Tuck" never bums tobacco.

URBANSKI, N. A. J., Φ Δ Ε

Buffalo, N. Y.

Where it came from and how it got here we know not—it is enough that he is here. Any hour of the day or night, hard at work can you find him. As a piano player, he is "some class" and little does he worry about the uncertain success of his chosen profession. Little does he say, still less does he think.







VOGT, M. J., Φ X

Kingston, N. Y.

Spends half of his time in college and the other half somewhere along the Hudson's classic shores. He has a voice like a graphophone and he knows it,—we know it,—the faculty knows it, and in fact anyone passing within three blocks of the college between lecture hours knows it. Started to raise a crop of spinach, but has since regained his self-respect. Is champion paper-wad shooter of the class.

WALSH, J. H.

Massachusetts

Jim has been one of the boys during his four years' stay here. Has worked so hard that one has only to look for his hair to discover the fact. Should you wish to find him, look among the aggregation of Sam's students.



COSTELLO, W. J. ("Costey")

Baltimore, Md.

Look at this man! Do you not detect the unmistakable signs of the married man? By occupation a druggist, by choice a physician. His chief amusement is card-playing, at which he has an enviable reputation. Ostentatious in dress, and pompous in manner, he is as good-natured as he is fat.

ROACH, JAMES E. ("Jim")

Providence, R. I.

Has anyone ever seen this man frown? He is a possessor of the secret of happiness and is not adverse to imparting it to others. Jim is constantly bubbling over with good nature. He is always in an hurry and is remarkable for his fast gait. Should he ever enter a cross-country run, there will be lots of money at the school betted on him.

YOUNG, SPENCER

Utah

Young is a young man with an old appearance. This may be accounted for by his residence among the Mormons. He is a twenty-ninth cousin sixteen times removed, of the Prophet of Prophets. His appearance is wonderfully changed by his smile, which happens at least twice a week.



## Senior Class History

In giving the history of a nation or a race of people, one relates simply the facts of what they have accomplished. When the Historian attempts to write an history of such an unique and eventful class as that of Nineteen Hundred and Ten, and if he is not allowed to write two or three volumes, he will have to call attention to only a few major operations. When permission is granted him in later years to write it more at length, he will be pleased to get out the second edition.

There is something which characterizes every Freshman, and we were not exempt from the rule. Still there was something about this class that compelled attention, and to our horror the Sophs noticed it, before the Faculty did, and the tanking took place in which most of us were star players.

Seeing that we needed a leader, a meeting was called and the following gentlemen elected: J. R. Fischer, President; H. E. Longsdorf, Vice-President; J. T. Kocyan, Secretary, Treasurer and Historian. Under the leadership of our President, the class picture was taken without being disturbed by the Sophs. When we entered the

dissecting room, the Sophs gave us a cordial welcome, which ended in a rush, in which though not victors, still we were not defeated. From this time on we made ourselves at home and everything went well until examinations, which were successfully passed.

On the first of October, 1907, we entered into the mysteries of the Sophomore year. Some faces were missing from our number, and new ones were filling their places. The first thing we did was to elect our officers for the year, with the following result: Charles W. Daly, President; B. O. MacCleary, Vice-President; J. J. Burne, Secretary; W. D. Blankenship, Treasurer; and H. E. Brehmer, Historian. It was next our duty to initiate the Freshmen, which we did in the proper fashion. The year waxed on, with our efforts crowned with honor and success. When the day of finals came each man stood ready to do justice to himself and honor to the class.

After spending a pleasant and prosperous vacation at our respective homes, telling, with the egotism of only a Soph, of the victories and triumphs which crowned the success of our preceding years, we returned to the old college. Here we entered into and explored new and undiscovered fields. With the tenacity of a bull-dog, which has marked our class, we were able to master all the difficulties. Some of our classmates did not return, but cast their lots in other territories. We were sorry to give them up, but they were replaced by double their number. With these new men, our class took on new life. Among the first duties that called us was the election of officers for the year. The following were elected: J. W. Hughes, President; C. W. Maxson, Vice-President; W. D. Blankenship, Secretary and Treasurer; Frederic Holroyd, Historian; and W. Froitzheim, Sergeant-at-Arms. All went well until about the first of December, when we were anxiously awaiting in room No. 33 for Prof. Harry Friedenwald to lecture on the anatomy of the eye. It was announced to us that we were wanted in room No. 25 for a written Quiz on the eye and ear. This came as a surprise to us, but we surprised Prof. Friedenwald by proving to him that we were well versed in the subject.

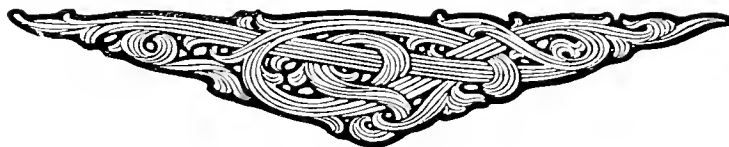
Next came the "Mid-years," something that had never occurred in the history of the college. This hit some of us hard blows, as we had expected to go home early for the holidays, but we stood them like men, and went home all the happier, feeling that we had passed with high marks. After spending a pleasant Christmas at home, we returned to our college work with that determination which means success and honor to those who are willing to pay the price. The days passed by like so many hours and again we were confronted by examinations. First came the "minors," and then that long to be remembered week of finals, which caused our gray hairs and wrinkles to be multiplied by the score. Then we bade good-bye to our teachers and classmates and homeward journeyed, hoping that a clear card would be our reward. The Summer is gone, and we are back, ready and willing to enter the race of our lives, and our motto is to be, "Win, or Die Trying."

On greeting our friends and classmates, we note that some are absent and that others take their places. Who should be our President was next the topic of discussion. The merits and demerits of each proposed fellow was ably discussed. After many eloquent speeches had been delivered, the following gentlemen were elected: J. O. Newell, President; A. W. Little, First Vice-President; Grover C. Blake, Second Vice-President; G. F. Grisinger, Third Vice-President; W. D. Blankenship, Secretary; H. Goldman, Treasurer; Harold E. Longsdorf, Valedictorian; C. J. Langlois, Sergeant-at-Arms; and Letcher E. Trent, Historian. The Executive Committee consisted of G. W. Kahle (chairman), C. W. Daly, W. B. Hunter, H. A. MacMillan and W. H. Hobson.

It seems but yesterday, though we are in the midst of the "Mid-year" examinations. The Christmas holidays are over and to-morrow the final examinations, and then, and then! What shall the answer be?

But all great people leave something which forever keeps them in the remembrance and esteem of their friends and the future generations. Shakespeare left literature to immortalize his name; Washington left character and political fame to his credit; Robert E. Lee left generalship for his honor; while this class leaves a record which we hope will forever stand as a shining light to our dear Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN, '10.

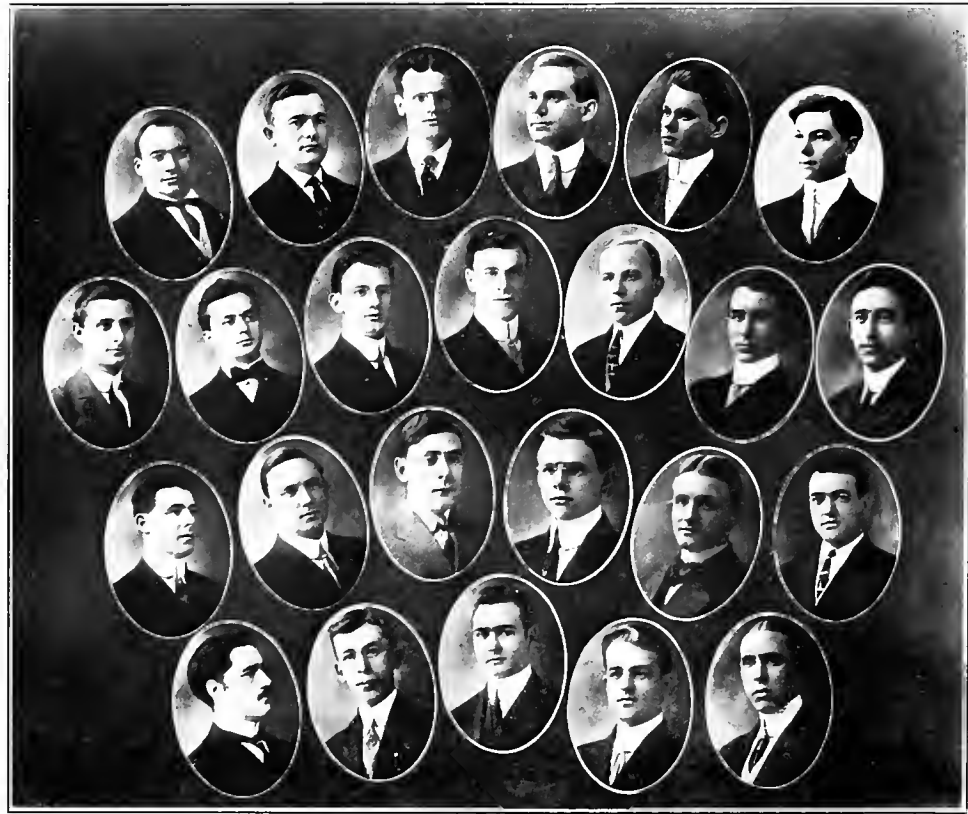


# JUNIOR CLASSES



## Junior Class Officers

<i>President</i> .....	THOMAS J. ROCHE
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	JOHN F. HOGAN
<i>Secretary</i> .....	JOHN W. CALLAHAN
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	WILLIAM T. GOCKE
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	W. D. KAHLE







## Junior Class Roll

AIMONE, VICTOR.....	Hoboken, N. J.	KAHLE, WILLIAM D.....	Bluefields, W. Va.
ALLISON, KARL.....	West Newton, Penna.	KEEGAN, JOSEPH F.....	New Haven, Conn.
ARONOVITZ, SAMUEL.....	Key West, Fla.	KILBOURN, J. B.....	Hartford, Conn.
AYD, FRANK.....	Baltimore, Md.	KOHLER, HORACE W.....	Yoe, Penna.
BAILEY, N. H.....	Hartford, Conn.	MARIN, JOHN B.....	Point Pleasant, N. J.
BAUNGARTNER, KARL J.....	Brunswick, Ga.	MARSCHNER, J. E.....	Wheeling, W. Va.
BIGELOW, M. WILLARD.....	Provo, Utah	MESSAGE, JOHN S.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
BROWN, FLAVIUS H.....	Beaver, W. Va.	MICHEL, NATHAN.....	New York City
CALLAHAN, JOHN W.....	New London, Conn.	MILLER, HERMAN.....	Wilmington, Del.
DEERY, JOSEPH P.....	Baltimore, Md.	MORRISON, F. H.....	New London, Conn.
ECKERDT, A. BURTON.....	Baltimore, Md.	MUTCHLER, H. R.....	Rockaway, N. J.
EDMONDSON, H. TURNER.....	Quitman, Ga.	O'CONNOR, JOHN V.....	Woonsocket, R. I.
FLYNN, JOHN F.....	Bridgeport, Conn.	PINKUS, EDUARD J.....	Merida, Yucatan, Mexico
GAGGIOLI, GAGGILO.....	Costamala (Lunigiana), Italia	RIDER, PAUL.....	Tunnellton, W. Va.
GAUTIER, CLAUDE V.....	Huntington, W. Va.	ROCHE, THOMAS J.....	Westerly, R. I.
GOCKE, WILLIAM T.....	Piedmont, W. Va.	SHEA, JOHN F.....	Holyoke, Mass.
GORMAN, JAMES F.....	So. Manchester, Conn.	SAINT ANGELO, JOSEPH A.....	Providence, R. I.
HALL, ARCHE K. M.....	Buckhannon, W. Va.	SMYSER, J. D.....	Perth Amboy, N. J.
HAMILTON, E. S.....	Fayetteville, W. Va.	SWINT, BENJAMIN H.....	Pickens, W. Va.
HANFIS, JOHN F.....	Belchertown, Mass.	THORKELOSON, J.....	Laurel, Del.
HARMAN, HOWARD E.....	Chillicothe, Ohio	TRIPPETT, KARL H.....	Buckhannon, W. Va.
HEIL, CHARLES F.....	Camden, N. J.	WHITCOMB, NORRIS B.....	Walton, N. Y.
HEYMAN, PHILLIP.....	Newark, N. J.	WILLIAMS, LOUIS V.....	York, Penna.
HONELLIN, ISIDORE.....	New York City	WOODRUFF, CALDWELL.....	Charlotte, N. C.
HOGAN, JOHN F.....	New Haven, Conn.	ZINN, WHITMAN J.....	Glenville, W. Va.
HUTCHINSON, F. H.....	Newport, R. I.	ZURCHER, CLARENCE W.....	Chillicothe, Ohio
JENNINGS, F. LESLIE.....	Hamilton, Md.		

AIMONE—"Why do they call me Izzy?"

## The Fickle Junior

He met her on an Autumn eve,  
A-walking with her cousin;  
He spent a goodly hour or more  
At most luxurious buzzin';  
And e'en while chatting with her there  
His mind was in a flurry.  
For he had another to escort,  
And that was all his worry.  
And so this Junior trudged along  
To save a friendly (?) hicker,  
For he had hoped to trade this for that—  
A most enticing dicker.

And still his thoughts would linger back  
To where he had longed to tarry  
With her, who, even in the dark  
Had so revealed the fairy.  
Now, should he seek his lady's love  
A thing desirous *per se*,  
Oh! may the damsel he forsook  
Be full of feignèd mercy;  
And may the imps of Cupid, too,  
Upon this Junior's soul have pity.  
Or any other flippant youth  
Whose fancies are so flitty.

J. F. F.

ALLISON—Behold the hairy one!



## Junior Class History

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime;  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time."  
—Longfellow.

When it falls to the lot of a mortal to write the history of an immortal class, awe at first appalls the poor mundane creature selected for the task. Were we living in the heroic age, doubtless many 1911 sons would be revered as demi-gods.

History tells us of Æsculapeus, the founder of the first school of medicine on the isles of Kos and Kindos; of the wonderful Hippocrates, the doctor of ancient Greece, and many other famous men of our honored profession, the stories of whose great deeds remain paramount in the minds of all to this day.

ARONOVITZ—What's in a name?

Inspired by these narrations fifty energetic neophytes, looking upon one another with envious eyes, wended their ways in the fall of 1907 to the Falls of dear old P. & S., where all assembled and listened to the roll call which started us on our honored profession. Since that eventful day our class has been the "pride of all the profs." That memorable occasion marks the beginning of our unbroken line of successes in all departments of college activity. Some of our more ambitious students even allowed themselves to be flunked in order that they might say that our class was expert in all branches of learning.

The difficulty of writing a history of 1911 arises from a wealth rather than a scarcity of material, and it is obviously impossible within the customary six hundred words to do anything more than enumerate briefly the achievements of the present Junior Class.

Starting with the axiomatic assertion that the class of 1911 is to-day acknowledged the leader of P. & S. Undergraduate life, the historian would have you consider not what it has accomplished or how it has won so great prestige, but why and for what reason it is deservedly the proud possessor of all honors.

During the eventful three years about to close in which, under the guidance of our beloved dean and his associate professors, our Alma Mater has attained such a vigorous growth—'11 has not been idle, but in every branch of college enterprise has taken the lead. Nothing which '11 has accomplished is an excuse for greater congratulations and will be productive of more lasting and beneficial effects than the establishing of a feeling of loyalty to our college—a broadening of our horizon and the establishment of that vital requisite, which we term college life.

The Junior year opened with a bang, and after going through the ordeal of having to witness the Freshmen-Soph rushes, we settled down to our work. We soon found out that we were at last landed in some of the more practical work of medicine, at last we had departed from the theoretical grind of Freshman and Sophomore years, but not entirely, as we later found out that there was still more theory for us to learn.

Proudly, we for the first time attacked the clinics and hospital work, and you may be sure that we appreciated sitting in the amphitheatre, and never once did we envy those poor Seniors who stood in the pit below, and went through the ordeal of being quizzed as to "their knowledge of the case."

With Prof. Lockwood, we took the theory and practice of medicine, together with the section work assigned to each division of the classes. From Profs. Dobbin and Gardner, we learned to take care of the ladies, and from Prof. Sanger, we learned the sequence of events in the physical diagnosis, namely, "first inspection, then palpation, then percussion, and auscultation."

Avu—Ich habe Langerweile!

No history of the Junior class would be complete without mentioning Prof. Ruhräh, under whose generalship we were instructed in the arts of healing and feeding, and in avoidance of those "nasty, sticky, sickish, sweet affairs" when prescribing.

It was always a pleasure to attend the lectures and quizzes given by Profs. Bevan, Chambers and Beck, and it is safe to say that each and every Junior always looked forward to the classes of these departments with the greatest of pleasure.

Then, too, we must not forget Profs. Friedenwald and Rosenthal, whose lectures and clinics it was always a pleasure to attend and whose untiring efforts in our behalf will always be appreciated.

No one will forget the exodus to "home, sweet home," that occurred at Christmas time. All were glad when the mid-year "exams" were over, and it was with hopes of successful results that we took our departure to enjoy our Christmas vacation "at home."

When we came back after the new year it was with a different spirit and new resolutions. All were resolved that they would fight their way clear to the end. In our lecture rooms attention was always centralized on the "Cadaver Quartet," rightly named, for its music was such that we feared lest it arouse the dead. Here one heard—and without charge—High Tenor Gocke, Deep Basso Hamilton and Echo. I have never been able to find out who the fourth member of the Quartet was unless it was "Venus," adding to the harmony by keeping still.

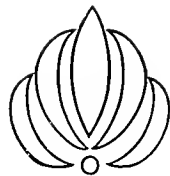
As a whole our class is one of wonderful personalities. It has its funny man, Kable; its cut-and-come-again-man, Morgan; its sometimes athletic and occasionally sporty man, Gorman. It boasts of the "Free-Beerites" (?), and its total abstinence trio (Mutchler, Smyser, Aimo); its classical digs (Harman, Callahan, Hutchinson and Lawson); and its bugology drones (Bailey, Eckerdt and Hogan); its Y. M. C. A. deacons (Kelly, Hall, Hanifin and Keegan); and its "Teany" Beacons (?), all living together in peace and mutual admiration.

Examinations with us, as a rule, result favorably, thanks to beneficent deity, and as excusable oversight on the part of the professor in charge. Surely none of us will forget the night of March 14. For several weeks all interest was centered on theatre night at "Ford's." When, through the earnest efforts of Profs. Beck and Gillis, the true college spirit, loyalty to dear P. & S. and appreciation of the efforts of the year book committee was shown by the enthusiastic turning out of all classes to see their old friend "Trixie Friganza" in the America Idea. It surely was a glorious night and will long be remembered as the night of all nights.

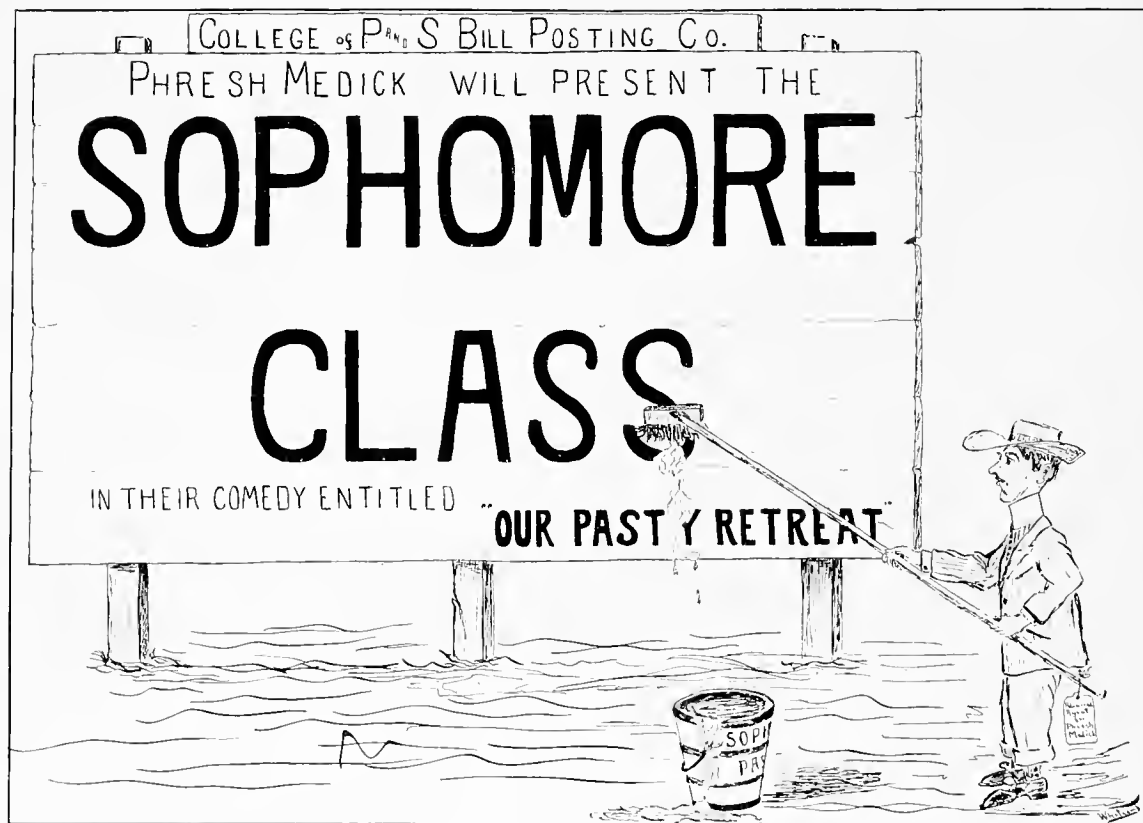
BAILEY—Who thinks too little, and who talks too much.

But why continue? To what purpose enumerate those personal qualities that have contributed so much to the prestige of 1911? It has been said that Julius Caesar in writing a history could make his most petty achievements seem to be of great importance. It is a poor class historian of whom the same remarks cannot truthfully be made. 1911, however, does not need a Caesar to write her history. She would stand preëminent were her historian only a Boswell, who though of mean ability himself, yet could note, wonder, admire and faithfully record. Well it may be said that we have set the pace, and long after we have left for the sterner duties of life, customs which we have established and paths which we have trod will be followed by our successors. In conclusion, let us wish long life and prosperity to dear old P. & S., to our professors, and instructors, and their assistants, and to our dean, whose strength of character has been a forcible example to us all. By our earnest endeavors, we have stamped our impress, and lead farther toward the larger and better life of our Alma Mater. Three cheers for her. May she be to others what she is to us, and may all her sons be as loyal as 1911.

J. F. F.



BAUMGARTNER—True as steel.





## Sophomore Class Officers

<i>President</i> .....	EARL X. THOMPSON
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	JOHN F. SPEARMAN
<i>Secretary</i> .....	PETER L. KEOUGH
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	WILLIAM L. SHEAHAN
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	CHARLES F. COUGHLIN

## Sophomore Class Roll

AMILL, JOHN, JR. ....	Puerto Rico	CREWS, ALBERT W. ....	West Virginia
BANNISTER, JOHN H. ....	West Virginia	COSTANZO, RALPH E. ....	Connecticut
BENSON, W. S. ....	New York	DRISCOLL, W. J. ....	Connecticut
BRILLHART, HARRY L. ....	Pennsylvania	EISNER, MAURICE S. ....	Massachusetts
BROWN, JOSEPH S. ....	Pennsylvania	ENSLAW, WILLIAM C. ....	West Virginia
BENNETT, E. C., JR. ....	West Virginia	EVANS, ALEXANDER MASON. ....	Maryland
BURKE, JOHN E. ....	Rhode Island	FIALKOWSKI, STEPHEN J. ....	Maryland
CANAVAN, JOHN F. ....	Rhode Island	FRIEDMAN, LOUIS. ....	Maryland
CHAMPE, NILE G. ....	West Virginia	GOLDSTEIN, ALBERT E. ....	Connecticut
CHRISTOPHERSON, W. ....	Utah	GUTHRIE, JAMES. ....	West Virginia
COLGAN, WALTER D. ....	Connecticut	HANNA, BENJAMEN S. ....	Maryland
COUGHLIN, CHARLES F. ....	New York	HENDERSON, S. C. ....	West Virginia

Brown—The man of life upright.

HORWITZ, MAURICE.....	Connecticut	POISAL, JOHN W., JR.....	Maryland
IRELAND, RITCHIE A.....	West Virginia	QUILLEN, OTIS L.....	Ohio
JANER, MANUEL.....	Maryland	RESSER, NORMAN B.....	Pennsylvania
JOHNSON, L. D.....	Pennsylvania	ROBERTS, SYLVIA J.....	Pennsylvania
KEOUGH, PETER L.....	Rhode Island	SANCHEZ, ARMANDO.....	Cuba
KIMZEY, FRITZ J.....	Tennessee	SCHWARTZ, LEONARD O.....	Pennsylvania
KIRD, PAUL.....	New Jersey	SHANNON, ALBERT C.....	Pennsylvania
KOHLER, ALFRED G.....	Pennsylvania	SHEAHAN, WILLIAM L.....	Connecticut
LONG, BENJAMIN H.....	Pennsylvania	SMITH, EDWARD P.....	Pennsylvania
MENDELOFF, MORRIS.....	Maryland	SOOY, JOHN P.....	New Jersey
MENDELSON, JACOB E.....	Pennsylvania	SPINKS, J. M.....	West Virginia
MANN, ALBERT E.....	Pennsylvania	SULLIVAN, LEO J.....	Massachusetts
MACMAHON, WILLIAM T.....	Massachusetts	SWEET, G. C.....	Connecticut
NOONEY, JOHN L.....	Maryland	THOMPSON, EARL N.....	Maryland
O'BRIEN, THOMAS J.....	Rhode Island	WILLIAM, MAYES B.....	West Virginia
PARKER, GEO. A.....	Maine	WYATT, Z. W.....	West Virginia
PAUL, FRANK.....	Maryland		



BIGELOW—Be not wise in thy own conceit.





## History of the Class of 1912

The Class of 1912 has adhered to the motto, "Little But Good," and so, though our history is entirely too short to fill many pages, it is, nevertheless, worth reading and remembering, for it will serve as a guide to our successors.

I shall, therefore, enumerate the most important events which have helped to make our class famous, though the personalities of the members will have to be omitted.

Without a doubt, the most important event thus far in the history of the class occurred on May the fourteenth, nineteen hundred and nine, when we threw off our robe of emerald and handed it down to worthier subjects, hoping that they might wear it as gallantly as we did. Previous to this, it should be remembered that we were victorious in our class rush and that the annual baseball game between ourselves and our superiors was won by our class, the final score being five to four. Much credit should be given to our pitcher, Sooy, for his great

CALLAHAN—Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low.

work in the box, as well as his timely "double" with the willow. In this line also, our centrefielder, Burke, deserves congratulations for making the longest hit of the game.

On the first of October, nineteen hundred and nine, after our summer vacation, we were once more gathered, ready for another year's struggle, though, sad to say, we had the misfortune of losing several of our good fellows. Their place, however, was taken by students from other schools, principally Yale, Bellevue and West Virginia. As soon as we got together, we had our first meeting for the purpose of electing class officers. As a result, the following men were chosen: President, Earle H. Thompson; Vice-President, John F. Spearman; Secretary, Peter L. Keough; Treasurer, William L. Sheahan; Historian, Manuel Janer; Sergeant-at-Arms, Charles F. Coughlin. The same day, Mr. Thompson called a meeting to decide on the best plan of attacking our Freshmen enemies, who far outnumbered our class. Several new schemes were brought up, but had to be abandoned on account of our lack of numbers. Our last resource was the usual rush, so this was voted for. We rushed, and so perfect was the plan carried out, even though we were fighting against odds of two to one, the same result as that of the previous year followed; we were once more victors. It was to be expected, for several "greenies" could not find the doors and consequently had to use the exits of least resistance—the windows. Several went so far as taking refuge in the college library, but to no avail, they were rushed to the street without mercy. After our decisive victory, we retired, hoping that the poor Freshmen were satisfied, but it seems that that was not the case. To provoke another rush they had their own account of victory in the newspapers of the city. As this was done without our consent, and clearly showed that our inferiors were trying to shine in the wrong places, we held a meeting to decide on some plan that would show the real state of affairs. There was much debating upon the various plans brought up, and after long discussions a scheme was decided upon and carried into perfection the next day. While the Freshmen were in Room No. 34, listening to a Chemistry lecture, we surprised them with two hundred pounds of flour and a two and a half inch fire hose. The spectacle that followed may easily be imagined and enjoyed. It is enough to say that the "greenies" have known their real place ever since. This fact was conclusively proven a short time ago, when they had their picture taken, as they went two blocks away, to the Court House, where they thought that they would be best protected from a Sophomore invasion.

At our last meeting, the manager and captain, Messrs. Keough and Spearman, respectively, of our class baseball team, were chosen. It is easy to anticipate victory under the leadership of these two men. However, it is for the Historian of next year to give the details of the expected victory.

THE HISTORIAN.

DEERY—What manner of man is this?

FRESHMEN

CLASS



W. J. Cram

## Freshmen Class Officers

<i>President</i> .....	F. P. FLOYD
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	JOHN DOYLE
<i>Secretary</i> .....	J. GERALD O'BRIEN
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	J. EDWARD DAY
<i>Historian</i> .....	W. S. BRADY
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> .....	WALTER F. BROWN

## Freshmen Class Roll

ABERSOLD, J. ....	West Virginia	DIXON, JAMES A. ....	Pennsylvania
BARNES, LOUIS D. ....	Massachusetts	DOWELL, G. J. ....	North Carolina
BELL, CARL W. ....	North Carolina	DOYLE, L. JOHN. ....	Maryland
BERNABE, RAFAEL. ....	Puerto Rico	DUNN, HUGH. ....	West Virginia
BROWN, WALTER L. ....	Georgia	DWYER, FRANK. ....	Connecticut
BUETTNER, F. ....	Maryland	ENFIELD, S. ERNEST. ....	Maryland
CRAIG, SAMUEL. ....	Maryland	FALLON, JOSEPH D. ....	Connecticut
CROFTON, G. H. ....	Massachusetts	FINNERTY, CHARLES W. ....	Massachusetts
CURTIN, W. S. ....	Massachusetts	FLEMING, PAUL. ....	Maryland
DAY, J. EDWARD. ....	Utah	FLORA, E. F. ....	Virginia
DEVEREUX, R. L. ....	West Virginia	FLOYD, F. P. ....	Virginia

ECKERDT—A right busy man withal.

GATTI, WILLIAM J. . . . . Pennsylvania  
GARLAND, ROBERT B. . . . . Connecticut  
GINTY, WILLIAM J. . . . . Maryland  
HANKEY, E. H. . . . . Pennsylvania  
HARBERT, E. FORREST. . . . . West Virginia  
HARTT, PERCY P. . . . . New Brunswick, Canada  
HELLER, ISIDOR. . . . . New York  
HERNANDEZ, MIGUEL A. . . . . Cuba  
HUMPHRIES, VICTOR O. . . . . Pennsylvania  
JACKSON, KENSEA. . . . . West Virginia  
JANER, LUIS. . . . . Puerto Rico  
KELLY, J. J. . . . . Maryland  
LAKE, W. F. . . . . West Virginia  
LEWISSON, L. . . . . Maryland  
LIVESAY, J. W. . . . . West Virginia  
LYNCH, JAMES F. . . . . Massachusetts  
MACKINNEY, H. N. . . . . Baltimore  
MACLAUGHLIN, FRANK J. . . . . Massachusetts  
MARINO, C. J. . . . . New York  
MOWRER, CHAS. L. . . . . Pennsylvania  
MUMFORD, J. F. . . . . Massachusetts  
MYLES, W. E. . . . . West Virginia

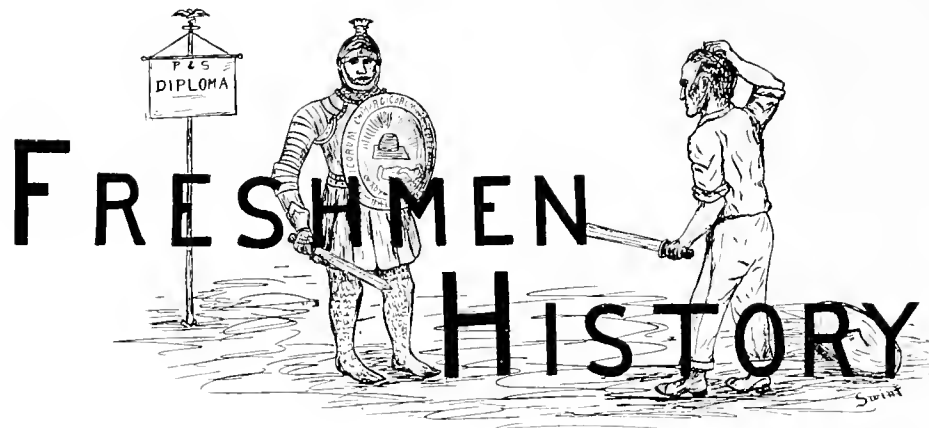
ODIO, EDUARDO. . . . . Cuba  
O'BRIEN, J. GERALD. . . . . Maryland  
PALFIZ, LEONARD M. . . . . Maryland  
PEFFER, G. R. . . . . Pennsylvania  
PELOSO, JOSEPH L. . . . . New York  
QUINN, R. J. . . . . Massachusetts  
REINA, SOLOMON. . . . . Maryland  
RODERIQUEZ, RICARDO. . . . . Cuba  
RUISMISELLE, LESLIE. . . . . Virginia  
SARGENT, CHARLES F. . . . . Massachusetts  
SCHAIPERO, WM. B. . . . . Maryland  
SEGARRA, ELIAS. . . . . Puerto Rico  
SEITZ, CLYDE L. . . . . Pennsylvania  
SENKEWITZ, ALEXIS. . . . . Maryland  
SHEA, RICHARD. . . . . Rhode Island  
SILVER, E. DREW. . . . . New Jersey  
SMYSER, W. J. . . . . Pennsylvania  
STERNER, B. L. . . . . Pennsylvania  
STEWART, J. DEVER. . . . . West Virginia  
TOBIN, THOMAS J. . . . . Massachusetts  
WELDON, EDWIN B. . . . . Connecticut  
WOODS, ROBERT P. . . . . West Virginia



EDMONDSON — Thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick







## The Coming of the Freshmen

Listen now O all ye nations!  
 All ye people of creation!  
 Ye shall hear the tales of prowess,  
 Skill unparalleled and valor,  
 Told by tongue and pens of poets,  
 Bards and minstrels and of Freshmen,  
 To Their Honor be all glory!

Downward in the day of Autumn,  
 Those days ne'er-to-be forgotten,

Ages e'en to be remembered,  
 In the hot month of October,  
 To the center of medical learning,  
 Situated right in Baltimore  
 Continually were coming Freshmen.  
 They the green and verdant specie  
 Hailing them from Massachusetts,  
 New York, Delaware, Rhode Island,  
 Virginia, Georgia, and Arkansas,  
 West Virginia, Pennsylvania,

FLYNN—A still, small voice.

Connecticut, and Puerto Rico,  
 Cuba and God knows elsewhere.  
 In those days when first assembled  
 All these doctors in embryo—  
 Reader dear can you imagine—  
 Or Experience, has she taught you  
 What it *is* to be a Freshman?  
 If so, then I need not mention  
 All the heart-aches and misgivings.  
 Fears, suspense and realization  
 Of just a molecule a-being  
 In this old world vast and wicked.  
 One there was, altho' a Freshman,  
 Who was not the least undaunted;  
 And in class rose up beseeching  
 That the Freshmen stick together;  
 For the time was surely coming  
 When They would need all Their courage.  
 Now the Sophs had once been Freshmen,  
 Weak and humble little sucklings,  
 But by virtue of examination  
 Past this stage had evolved  
 To the high degree of Soph'more,  
 Hard and cruel Sophomores  
 Of the Golden Rule unmindful.  
 They forgot when they were Freshmen;  
 Forgot the year which just proceeded  
 When they would have done to others  
 As they wished others to do to them.  
 But the Freshmen were not lacking  
 In Vitality and Courage,  
 Brass and likewise in presumption,  
 Traits with which they're often credited.  
 And upon the Soph'more innocent

Made a rush oh so effectual!  
 Out into the street the Sophs  
 Were rushed by whooping, howling Freshies,  
 Who then with triumphant cheering  
 Of Room 25 proclaimed them victors.  
 Then to planning fell the Soph'mores,  
 Characteristic of their revengeful nature,  
 With the Freshmen to get even,  
 Who upon the day succeeding  
 Were attacked by Soph'mores frantic;  
 And with whom the Freshmen struggled,  
 All Their skill and strength displaying,  
 With a foe antagonistic  
 Which was well matched man to man.  
 Out of rooms into the hallways,  
 Round and round and never ceasing  
 Went the Sophomores and Freshmen,  
 Clawing, punching, bruised and bleeding,  
 Out of hallways into gutters,  
 Over stone steps rolling, bumping,  
 Came the Sophs and Freshies clinchéd,  
 Continually for full an hour.  
 And when stopped by the policemen  
 The Soph'mores had not satisfactorily  
 Punished the Precocious Infants.  
 Once more the Soph'mores fell to planning  
 And a wicked plan concocted  
 By which the Weanbugs might be humbled.  
 In chemistry lab. the following morning,  
 Where the Freshmen unsuspecting  
 Sat with eyes and mouth wide open  
 Wondering at the decomposition  
 Of Mercuric Oxide ruddy  
 Into mercury and oxygen.

GAGGIOLI—He seemed so clumsy and awkward and *gauche*.

Their surprise—can you imagine it?—  
 When the door it was thrust open  
 By the Sophomores revengeful,  
 Hose in hand and not awaiting  
 Dr. Simon to make his exit,  
 Who with all the other Freshmen  
 Got his share of all things coming,  
 H<sub>2</sub>O and sacks of flour.  
 For the first was just the priming;  
 But well its purpose it accomplished.  
 For by it a great adhesion  
 Took place between the raiment gladsome  
 Of the Freshmen, Oh so sporty!  
 And the whole wheat ground so finely,  
 Which was hurled by all the Sophies  
 As the Freshies made their exit,  
 Made their mad and hurried exit  
 Out into the halls deserted  
 By the Sophomores cold-footed,  
 Who by an attack so snaky  
 With the Freshmen now were even—  
 Yes were even and then some.  
 But who, when they saw the Freshmen,  
 Their equilibrium had recovered,  
 Dared not face the irate classmen  
 Who had face and clothes bespattered  
 With the said and sticky mixture.  
 Thus the Freshmen showed Their spirit;  
 Showed Their loyalty, strength and valor,  
 When face to face and fairly dealt with.  
 And as for Their christening novel—  
 'Twas abnormal they admitted—  
 But then Each One individually  
 Cooling down beneath His collar

Realized while at it laughing  
 That such a stunt as this one was  
 The common heritage of all Freshmen.

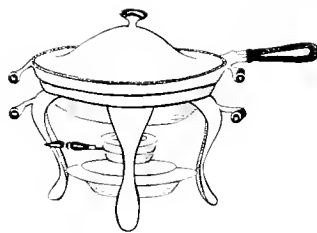
Thus the ceremonies ended,  
 For the Sophomores so desired it.  
 And to work the Freshmen started  
 With a zeal and will unbounded.  
 It was then that They discovered  
*What it takes* to make a doctor  
 Hist- and Bi- and Osteology,  
 Chemistry and Physiology,  
 Concentration of grey matter,  
 Foes more fierce than the Soph'mores.  
 But They ever struggled bravely  
 And They made all kinds of progress  
 As illustrates this little episode:  
 There were certain of the Freshmen  
 Unto Them a mate had taken,  
 On all sides being sore oppressed  
 Rose up in dismay outcrying:  
 "O my wife, I do thou lovest,  
 But Osteology, O Thou, You."  
 Others of the class excelled  
 In all the other branches named;  
 Gained such knowledge as which follows:  
 If upon one's head, one standing  
 Should reverse this, one's position,  
 One would notice no discomfort,  
 As the blood it would not trickle  
 To one's feet as they're not hollow—  
 Or if married to the income  
 Of an aged widow lady  
 CO, which comes from the gas jet,

GAUTIER—A burner of the midnight oil.

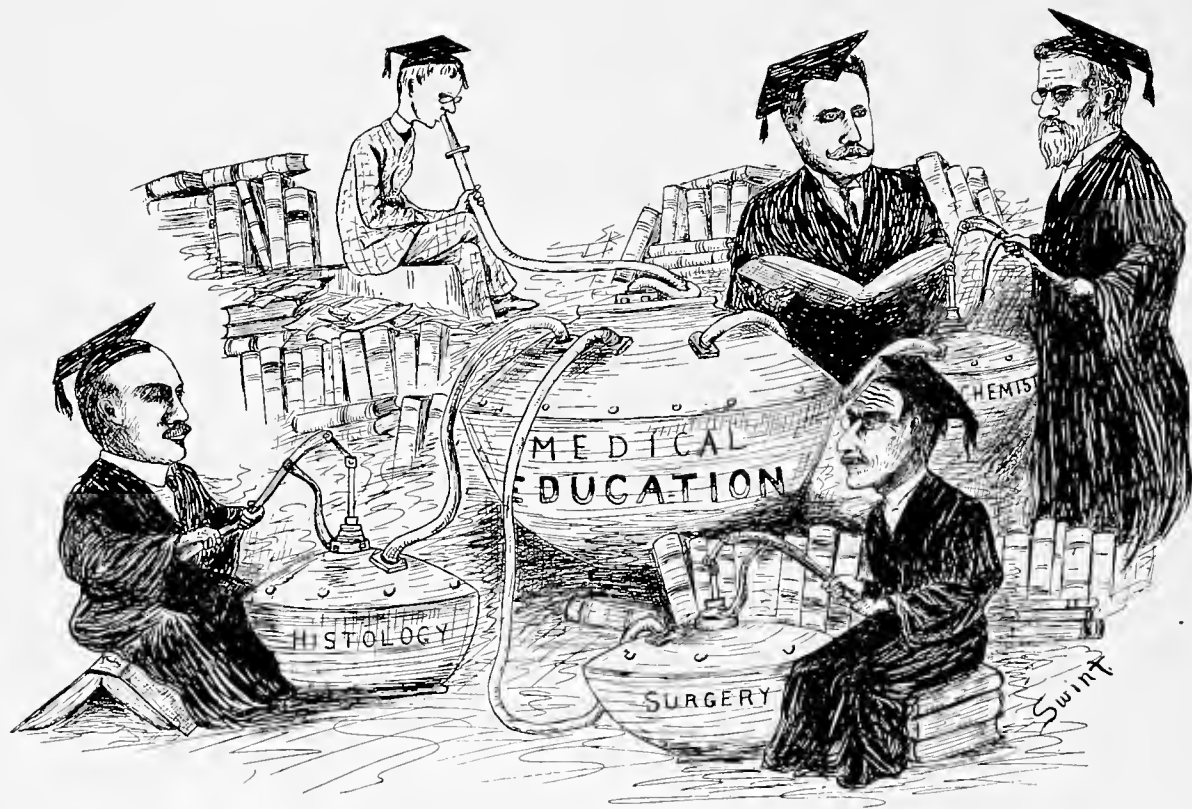
Might make one an heir more quickly—  
 Or, tho' she expected the question,  
 Mary Jane said, "'Tis so sudden,"  
 Spiritus Ammoniac Aromaticus,  
 Applied beneath her dainty nostrils  
 Brings her round to her right senses.  
 One there was inclined poetically,  
 Histologically and "spiritually."  
 When released from jail next morning  
 Explained his absense by this simile  
 As protoplasm is confined  
 So was I within my cell-wall—  
 Thus we see what must be mastered  
 By hard work and labor diligent,

If the Freshmen would be doctors  
 This was not all they accomplished,  
 But one day in all Their glory,  
 Arranged in tens behind Each Other,  
 Had a picture for the CLINIC  
 Taken without interruption  
 Save the visage of the Red Ant.  
 And if all these feats of valor  
 Showed a trait of perseverance,  
 Well 'twas said of ali the Freshmen:  
 "As 'twas then it ever shall be  
 For to Them to do was as easy  
 As knowing what were good to be done."

HISTORIAN. '13.



GOCKE—He was a burning and shining light.



## Friendship and Fraternalism

Where men are thrown together, the ability for forming true friendships transcends any other gift they may possess, and the man who can count among his acquaintances true friends, is indeed fortunate. No less a man than Cicero has said: "Friendship is the only thing in the world, concerning the usefulness of which, the whole world is agreed." Just as fire and water are necessary elements in the comfort and life of mankind, so also is friendship. Of friendship, Emerson has said: "The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution."

The word fraternalism implies brotherhood or friendship, and the great end for fraternities after all is, to promote and encourage closer relationship, with ultimate friendship. In conjunction with friendship, it seems peculiarly appropriate to discuss the spirit of fraternalism in a general way, for in our college the majority of the men now belong to one or the other of the five separate and distinct organizations. Certain prominent fraternity men in the United States have been discussing the question of a closer relationship among the various medical fraternities. The writers have endeavored to point out the advantages to be gained from this close relationship. Among other things, they have attempted to show how much more real good might be derived from fraternities, should these organizations work in harmony for a common purpose, instead of being diametrically opposed to one another. This is so perfectly logical, that it must eventually come about, but the place to begin working out this question is right at home, among the respective, individual chapters. The question naturally arises: What are and what have been our mistakes, and how may we best rectify them? The answer in brief is the word, selfishness. To

GORMAN—Of stature tall and straightly fashioned.

elaborate more fully, we have been self-centered, have worked and thought only of ourselves, or of whatever organization to which we happen to belong. Is this the true spirit of fraternalism, or of friendship? Decidedly not. The cure for our trouble, lies in the ability to root out of our systems this monster, who squeezes and narrows us into pitiable beings hardly worthy the name human. The fraternity that carries the spirit of "All for self" into the front door of college life and work, will figuratively speaking, be carried out the back door through its own ambition and folly. Selfish ambition has been the rock upon which many a proud craft has struck and gone to the bottom. To-day, it is a more dangerous enemy than ever. It is grown with human desires, and steals upon us before we are aware of its presence. Look about on every side, and see if this is not the truth. Is it not a fact, that an organization founded for general good, which holds this object ever before its members, usually succeeds and prospers, and is it not equally true that an organization banded together for good which forgets its true purpose, soon runs itself into the ground or utterly fails?

Since one of the objects of a fraternity is friendship, the several fraternities by common assent should join hands in working for this end. A wise Providence has constructed us along different lines, and of course we are bound to have our differences individually, but this should not destroy a kindly spirit of interest and good will in one fraternity for another. Class honors and favors should be as evenly distributed as possible for the advantages of the whole. Petty jealousies and quarrels should be forgotten, as they tend to destroy good feeling in a class or college. Opportunities for gaining a little practical experience should be shared. The habit of taking away that which belongs to another is manifestly unfair, for here, at least, rights should be equal. Fortunately little of this is done, save thoughtlessly. One fraternity should cultivate the habit of speaking well of another, especially to prospective members. Disparaging is a bad habit and only brings discredit upon the disparagers. Every word of praise spoken for another fraternity, is an unconscious help to one's own.

One of the advantages of a fraternity is its organization, consequently, should the several fraternities work in unison, much more good might be accomplished than in the present unorganized body. Men of all fraternities and those not affiliated with an organization! let us join efforts in bringing about a better feeling than has yet been exhibited in our college! The present concerns us. The future will take care of itself.

True friendship is the axis upon which the wheel of college life turns, and for that matter, the world itself. It is the great factor that holds the human family together.

HALL—Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts.



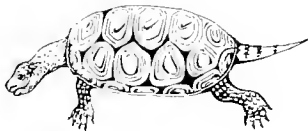
In that simple, yet beautiful poem, "The Friendly Hand," James W. Riley says:

"When a man ain't got a cent, an' he feels kind o' blue,  
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through,  
It's a great thing, Oh my brethren, for a feller just to lay  
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

"It makes a man feel curious; it makes the teardrops start,  
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region of the heart,  
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what to say,  
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

"Oh, the world's a curious compound, with its honey and its gall,  
With its cares an' bitter crosses; but it's a good world, after all.  
An' a good God must have made it—leastwise, that's what I say,  
When an hand rests on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way."

HAROLD E. LONGSDORF, '10.



HAMILTON—What cannot be cured must be endured.



## Hospital Staff

RUSH B. STEVENS, M. D.	<i>Resident Surgeon</i>
JOHN J. O'MALLEY, M. D.	<i>Associate in Medicine</i>
GEORGE A. STRAUSS, M. D.	<i>Resident Gynecologist</i>
J. G. CALLISON, M. D.	<i>Resident Pathologist</i>
H. H. TALBOTT, M. D.	<i>Resident Obstetrician</i>
W. A. GRIFFITH, M. D.	<i>Assistant Resident Physician</i>
A. A. PARKER, M. D.	<i>Assistant Resident Physician</i>
JOHN H. DOYLE, M. D.	<i>Assistant Resident Physician</i>
O. S. LLOYD, M. D.	<i>Assistant Resident Physician</i>
J. A. GUTHRIE, M. D.	<i>Assistant Resident Physician</i>
L. M. ARCHAMBAULT, M. D.	<i>Assistant Resident Physician</i>
J. K. BIDDLE, M. D.	<i>Assistant Resident Physician</i>
C. H. McLEAN	<i>Assistant Resident Physician</i>
T. L. SCHUMACHER	<i>Assistant Resident Physician</i>

HANNIFIN—An athlete once was he.

## The Stiff

Cold, bitterly cold, is the couch of the dead,

And darkness blacker than night

Broods over the pillow, where rests the meek head

Of him who has taken his flight.

Yet he rests undisturbed, unmoved and alone ;

His comrades are deathly still,

Though naked he lies on a slab of grey stone

He heeds not the wintry chill.

The glittering steel of the scalpel and knife

Breaks not his endless repose ;

More cruel the wounds of the soul in life

And peace came not till its close.

Then mangle the body ; dismember the frame ;

Take the eyes, now sightless, away ;

Cut out the stilled heart, and consign to the flame,

Remains of the once mortal clay.

Oh, bury them deep in the receptive earth,

And veil the grave with a sod ;

Upon it mark with the date of his birth.

"May he rest in peace with his God."

For back to the primal gloom

Where life began,

As to his mother's womb

Must he, a man,

Return ;

Not to be born again,

But to remain ;

And in the school of darkness

Learn what mean

The things unseen.

*J. F. Flynn, '11*

## The Prize Essay Contest

Following the admirable precedent established by our predecessors, this year's CLINIC decided to continue the Prize Essay Contest. The results of this decision were most happy.

Unfortunately the committee was unable to secure a prize from an outsider, as was the Board of last year. It was determined to purchase one out of the CLINIC funds. Accordingly, an handsome pocket surgical instrument case was purchased as a prize. The conditions of the contest were similar to those of last year.

The Board wishes to thank most heartily the men who generously gave their time and efforts to the contest, and the judges for kindly giving their services.

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## Report of the Essay Judges

HARTFORD, CONN., February 2, 1910.

To the Editor of THE CLINIC,  
Baltimore, Maryland.

*Dear Sir:* We have carefully read and weighed the merits of the essays submitted for our examination, and we wish to congratulate each individual student for the excellent effort displayed.

The reading of the papers afforded much pleasure, and renewed our pride in the "Old College."

So much merit was displayed in each essay that it was difficult to arrive at a decision; however, all points considered, it is our opinion that:

First Prize should be awarded to the essay entitled "The Passing of the Old-Time Country Doctor," by H. E. Longsdorf, '10.

Honorable Mention for *Very Close Competition* should be awarded to the essay entitled "The Unknown," by H. L. Brehmer, '10.

Honorable Mention for *Close Competition* should be awarded to the essays entitled "Down the Years" and "The New Anæsthetic."

THOS. S. O'CONNELL, M. D., 1892.

JOSEPH A. KILBOURN, M. D., 1897.

HARMAN—E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath day for me.

## Passing of the Old-Time Country Doctor

The art of healing is the oldest of all arts. This is not to be wondered at, for since death was the concomitant of life from the beginning, it was natural and instinctive to make common cause against a common foe, and by every artifice and stratagem, as well as by such skill and knowledge as each age possessed, to seek to limit his ravages and curtail his powers. Accordingly, we find in the most primitive times, before science had reared her dominant head, or mechanical skill had provided means to probe the secrets of nature, some form of a remedial system where with to alleviate the sufferings of mankind. It would be interesting to follow the origin and progress of these various "systems"—so called, each one a proto-type of some prevailing theory or idea even to the present day; each system crumbling away before the brighter light of intellectual progress, until the medical profession of to-day stands forth with its great questions and important subjects, preëminent in the estimation of the world—and justly so, for it has not reached its proud position without a struggle. It began as an obscure, unorganized calling, without the respect of the learned, often held under ridicule and the ban of ecclesiastical dogmatism, as well as the fears and antagonism of the ignorant and superstitious. In the course of this upward development, notable changes have taken place. Thus in the misty past we find the "Healer," who, by some gift of nature or temperament, was supposed to have power over the occult, and devoted himself to the combating of certain diseases by the use of "charms" and "incantations," and similar devices. In those days when anyone was afflicted with a malady, especially of that class we now call neurasthenic, he was said to be possessed with devils, or evil spirits, and the treatment he received was directed to the end that they might be cast out. These healers were the forerunners of the present-day "Faith Cure," "Christian Science" and "Medical Hypnotism" in general—for after all, "There is nothing new under the sun." These practiced a species of "Black Art," lived apart and assumed a peculiar garb and manner. By this necromancy they increased their scope of influence, and were regarded with awe, not un-

HEIL—With just enough of learning to misquote.

mixed with fear, for were they not in league with the Powers of Darkness? Following this class came the gatherer of herbs and roots. He possessed some knowledge, for he knew the best times and seasons for their perfection. He knew their habitat in forest, field or marsh, and frequently became an expert in the common knowledge of nature, and in the adaptation of these simple products to certain forms of disease. In outlying communities these formed a useful class, and even yet are met with, hawking their home-made remedial preparations here and there among the hills and valleys of a rural district. They, too, became the pioneers of a system which will always find its advocates and field of usefulness.

As society coalesced and educative facilities increased, the regular practitioner came to the rescue of the country inhabitants and supplanted all these crude agencies which had served their day and need, and were now swept aside by the advancing tide of civilization. Increased population and wealth made the village and remoter districts sufficiently attractive to draw the aspirant for professional success to the "Settlement" or "Cross Roads," where he speedily made his influence felt. Usually he was a young man who, by dint of effort and great sacrifice, had succeeded in going through his medical school with a satisfactory amount of knowledge and mental equipment to warrant his further practise. With a very slender purse, he took his place in the chosen spot, bought a few drugs and a case of absolutely necessary instruments—among which was sure to be a lancet and probably tooth forceps—put out his "shingle," and soon had opportunity to test his skill. Sometimes he purchased a horse and vehicle—just as often he waited for more affluent times. To look back over the history and life work of many of these men is infinitely pathetic as well as inspiring. The good they did to their fellow men in myriad ways outside the limits of their profession, the dignity and honor reflected on their calling by their altruistic lives, made the very name of Doctor a stamp of nobility. Possibly they did not know so much of the scientific side of their profession as their successors in the towns and cities, surrounded by the glittering paraphernalia required by modern surgery, and the towering book-shelves crowded with the latest emanations from the medical press—volumes of books on Sanitation, on Bacteriology, on Hereditary Influence in Disease, on Pharmaceutical Preparations, and last, but not least, on Medical Ethics. The old-time Country Doctor did not waste time on these questions. He was in the country, and being there was bound to meet with flies and mosquitoes and other well-known representative insects. He could not exterminate them. He hardly knew if they had any part in the epidemics that sometimes broke out in his field of practise. So he treated results, and in point of fact his patients usually fared remarkably well. He probably was aware, as he drove on his rounds, that very often the water supply was not strictly in accord with his own wishes, for barn-yards and cess-pools were

HEYMAN—He looks a melancholy man.

located in such a manner that he could not fail to realize the deleterious effects of such a conjunction. The Doctor was identified with his environment. He knew the length of the farmers' purse, and that it was next to impossible to improve the conditions. So, he trusted to the influence of open air, and the sturdy constitutions of the country folk, and if evil should follow, he was there to help fight the enemy. As to heredity, he was the last man to infuse such a doubt in the minds of the happy young couples, who, all ignorant of a possible danger, enlisted under Hymen's banner. It is at most a variable question, and he judged it was the business of Providence to help them through. That bugbear, Medical Ethics, never crossed his path. Doctors were not so plentiful then, and his own field was broad enough to spare a case or two to an encroaching brother. As to microscopic investigation and laboratory work, he could not combine it with his regular work. The long drives in all weathers, over bad, frequently dangerous roads, and the strain of personal responsibility, which was a natural outgrowth of his closer personal relations with his people, made any additional labor impossible. These closer relations, unknown to us of to-day, were not confined to his office of medical helper. He was as the occasion demanded, the father, confessor, the legal adviser, and always the friendly counsellor of such as needed him in any capacity. His bosom was the safe repository of the secrets that threatened the happiness and repute of his confidants, and many a heart, wrung with grief and dread of shame, found in him the help and sympathy far beyond the help and power of ordinary medicaments. Of necessity, he knew much of human nature. The inner history—even the pre-natal history of the different members of the families he ministered to, was an open book to his wise comprehension. It was not needful that they should press his particular attention to the patient he was called to see. He knew the sources of the sorrow that weighed down the dreary-eyed girl, he had watched as she grew to womanhood—some loss, some disappointment had stolen away the vigor and beauty that had once characterized her. Was it the master of the house? He knew, too, what business venture had prostrated his courage and left him a prey to physical weakness and possible disease. Well might Whittier say, "The wise old doctor takes his way," as he described the old-time Country Doctor, whose library consisted of not much more than the U. S. Dispensatory, and who was beyond the allurements of the telephone or automobile.

It is not possible in a brief sketch worthily to depict this striking figure in the development of the noblest of professions. His duties and activities were so various and many-sided, his character and personality partook of their nature, and he stands forth a type never to be paralleled. For alas, the Country Doctor is a thing of the past. Like his humble predecessors—the "Powwowist," the gatherer of the hill-side herbs, the "Faith-Healer"—he is giving way to more advanced methods, and the hamlets and villages that dotted the country over, and in

HONELLIN—Ich bin ein Student.



which the Doctor once reigned supreme as representing the best and highest in culture, in right living, in care of the health, are rapidly becoming deserted of this influence. Now when the baby gets sick, or the boy breaks a bone in the ball game, a member of the family rushes away to the telephone office, or better still, takes the new automobile and looks up the young graduate in the nearest city who can tell all about the noxious influence of the house-fly, the mosquito and the barn-yard drain, and who can prescribe for the baby over the 'phone, and unite the fracture by the aid of the X-ray.

We marvel at the great changes that have taken place during the past few years in our country, but without doubt the greatest relative development has occurred in rural and outlying districts. When we pause to consider, we appreciate that the change has been gradual, that for years the country at large has been preparing itself for the present-day state of advanced civilization, or more general education. Of all the various agencies that have been at work, the Country Doctor, perhaps more than any other single factor, has played the most important part in blazing the pathway that would admit of present-day conditions. Was it not he, representing in a large measure the learning of his community, that helped penetrate the dark clouds of ignorance, that allowed the sunshine of knowledge to break through, dispelling foolish superstitions, beliefs and fears, the barriers that stood in the way of advancement?

Now while we, with tenderness and all due reverence, thus briefly lay aside the subject of this article, yet in the future we will often conjure up in our imagination a figure, our ideal type of the Country Doctor, "whose whole life is a blessed ministry of consolation and hope." Perhaps it may assume the likeness of the splendid picture a famous artist has painted, which represents the Doctor plunging through a driving storm of snow, guided only by a hazy light to an humble cottage where the sick little child so anxiously awaits him, or it may take some other form equally as attractive.

In this retrospective mood, with a mental picture of our worthy predecessor before us, we can well afford to pause and murmur a prayer of thankfulness for him whose patience and perseverance with the people among whom he labored, has made it so much easier for the young physician of to-day. In addition may a study of the unselfish manner in which he lived and labored, very often without hope of recompense, the long hours of physical work and mental stress in all kinds of weather and during all hours of the day, furnish us, who are following in his footsteps with an inspiration, far more impressive and lasting than we could hope to gain from the lives of any other class of men.

HAROLD E. LONGSDORF, '10.

HOGAN—Spreading himself like a green bay tree.

## The Way They Work It

When the little Podunk doctor  
 Finds his repertoire of pills  
 Proves entirely unavailing  
 To relieve your aches and ills,  
 He advises consultation  
 With some big gun in the town;  
 So the city doctor gets you  
 When the country man falls down.

When the mighty city doctor  
 Finds his potions and his drugs  
 Do not cure your aching body  
 Of bacilli and of bugs,  
 He advises rural quiet  
 To upbuild your system slumped.  
 So the country doctor gets you  
 When the city man is stumped.

*J. F. Flynn, '11.*

## Hurrah for P. and S.

*(Air--Marching Through Georgia)*

The sons of P. and S. to her as years go by shall prove,  
 The depths of their affection; the greatness of their love.  
 Beneath her glorious banner's a mighty host shall move,  
 The P. and S., The P. and S., forever.

*(CHORUS.)* Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for P. and S.!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Our Alma Mater true,  
 Then raise the glorious pennant, our loyalty renew.  
 The P. and S., The P. and S., forever.

In studies and in Athletics we raise her name on high,  
 "Perstare et praestare" shall be our rallying cry.  
 More glorious shall her name become as fleeting years go by,  
 The P. and S., The P. and S., forever.

The future of our college now lies open to our view;  
 We see her in the foremost ranks stored for the good and true;  
 And every one of us to-day is proud of P. and S.,  
 The P. and S., The P. and S., forever.

J. F. F.

## The Rush

In the class rooms they are meeting for the fray,  
As their colors they display,  
Full of vim and hope are they.

While the beating  
In their bosoms and the greeting  
Of their comrades are defeating  
Dire dismay

Who will lose, who win, the day?

Look! the "sophs" with haughty bearing are at hand;  
Three divisions they have planned  
While their foes—a single band—  
Calmly sharing  
All the confidence and daring  
Of their leaders, are preparing  
Firm to stand.

What a courage all command!

Lo! the signal for the battle echoes there,  
To the fight the "sophs" repair,  
Rushing on in mad despair  
With a rattle  
As do herds of hounded cattle,  
Where did e'er such noisy prattle  
Rend the air?

And the echoes answer, Where?

Fiercely on each other falling, see them go  
To the center, head and toe!  
See the perspiration flow!

How appalling!

Is the mauling, and the crawling to and fro  
And the moaning from below!

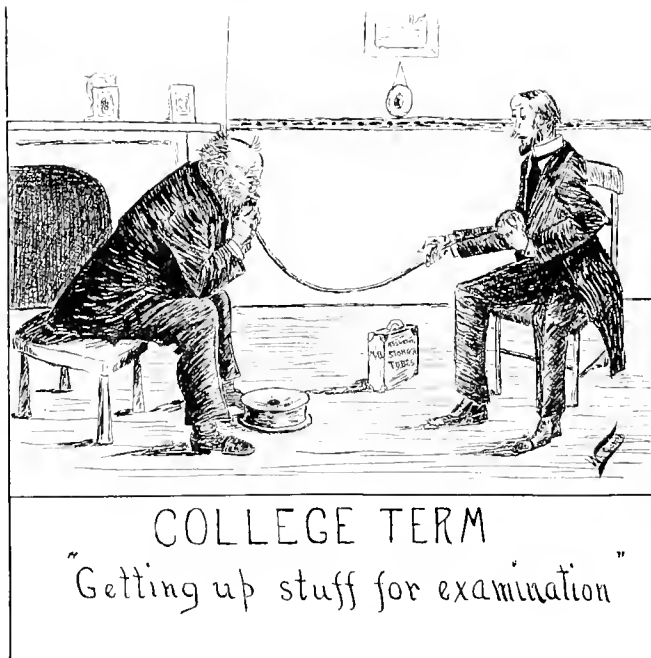
Oh, how sacred are the places, which they gain  
And which they struggle to maintain  
In the seconds that remain!  
And those faces!  
Filled are they with grim grimaces,  
Quite bereft of former graces  
Yet how vain  
Is the look of wild disdain.

Lo! again the signal's given, and away  
From the turmoil and the fray  
Scarcely willing to obey  
Are they driven.  
Hard and well, the ranks have striven  
Some are happy, some are riven  
With dismay.

Naughty Fresh has won the day.

*J. F. Flynn, '11.*

HUTCHINSON—Infirm of purpose.



## Germ's Preferred

" Though they affirm  
 A deadly germ  
 Lurks in the sweetest kiss,  
 Let's hope the day  
 Is far away  
 Of antiseptic bliss.

" To sterilize  
 A lady's sighs  
 Would be simply outrageous—  
 I'd much prefer  
 To humor her  
 And let her be contagious."

*J. F. Flynn, '11.*

JENNINGS--His cheeks were like a full-blown rose.

## The Freshman's Soliloquy

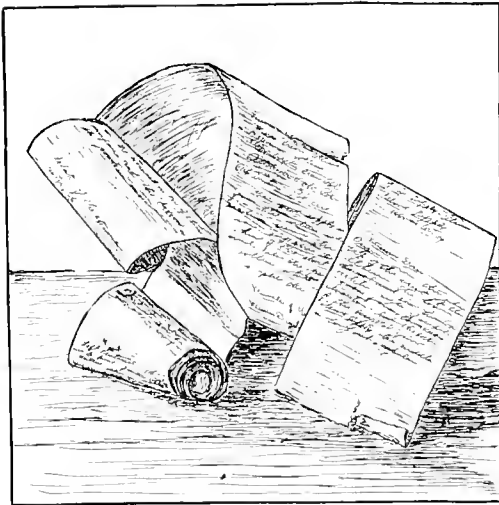
(Prior to Final Examinations.)

*(With apologies to W. Shakespeare.)*

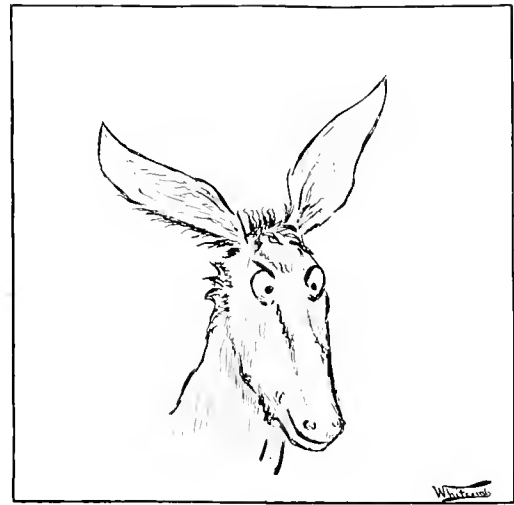
To crib or not to crib: that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler of the man to suffer  
The thoughts of low marks from enraged professors,  
Or to take tips when up against the questions,  
And by thus cribbing, pass them. To fake, to sham:  
That's all and by this sham to say we know  
This question, and the countless other ones  
Our course is full of, 'tis a great temptation  
Not lightly to be spurned. To fake, to sham:  
To crib: perchance get caught: aye, there's the rub:  
For in this hour of work what professor may come,  
When we have pulled the thing from out our sleeve  
And make us pause: there's the regret  
We made the thing of such great length:  
Still who would bear reproach from better self,  
From professors strong, from old friends so well known,  
The thought of unfair play and masked deed done,  
The misery of reproach and the spurns  
That honest judgment of one's shortcomings gives  
When he himself knows he's fallen short  
Of his ideals? Who would not play fair,

By cramming work many a weary night  
When that fair thought of something afterward,  
The satisfaction coming from the fact  
That all our work is ours, strengthens our will  
And makes us rather do things on the square  
Than take from others help unfairly gained?  
Thus conscience would assist to set us straight  
And thus our best resolves and resolutions  
With no small backing strong,  
And many crises of import and moment  
With this mind will be surmounted  
And without a shattered ideal.

N. B. W.



The Crib



The Cribber

## The Unknown

In beginning this narrative, I know that there will be many to whom it will seem incredible, many who will scoff, and still a greater number who will pass it by with a smile at what they will term the phantasy of an overworked brain. But there will be some—those stronger minds—who, perchance, will give it at least one serious thought, and it is for these that I now set forth that strange incident which until the present has been locked securely in my memory.

To-night, as I sit in this little room which constitutes my one refuge from the turmoil of the busy outside world, a vision rises before me which brings with it the reminiscence of a certain not too pleasant experience. The "plot," as the critic would say, was inaugurated at the decennial reunion of the class of '98 of which I have the honor to be a member. Some of us may remember Dick Seldon's toast, and also remember the way in which it was received. His subject was "The Unknown," and I well remember that no one took him seriously, the toastmaster, in fact, in commenting upon it, lightly stated that in the future his cognomen would be no longer "Dreamer"—as he had been styled at college—but instead he should be called "The Great Unknown."

Something, I know not what, impelled me to seek Dick out when the farewells were being said, and knowing that his seclusive nature would send him back to his home with his message—whatever it was he meant to convey—undelivered, I suggested that he stop with me for the night, hoping for further enlightenment. To my delight he accepted, but not one word of the "new thought" of his, would he utter on the way. On reaching my apartment I produced the "weeds" and so encouching ourselves before the fire, we prepared to put the finishing touches to the occasion. We talked upon various topics and finally by way of goading him on, I said:

"Dick, old man, of course you don't believe all that rot you gave us to-night about Ultra-Violet Rays."

KAHLE—Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

"Every word of it," he answered briefly.

"But who has ever seen it? You know it is beyond the spectrum."

"Have you ever seen the messages flashed by wireless?" he asked, and there he had me.

"Oh, of course I admit there are such rays, but what I am sceptical about is that marvelous life-giving stimulant you claim they possess."

"I made no claims," he retorted. "I simply suggested that"—

"Sure, I know, but then there is something back of all this; I know a man like you wouldn't fool away his time over a fancy."

I knew he wasn't impervious to flattery, and by touching his vanity I hoped to secure his confidence. I was well rewarded, for suddenly turning toward me, he said: ~~SECRET~~

"By Jove, I'll do it! Old fellow, if you are really interested, I will show you something that before long may revolutionize medical science. All I ask is that you will pledge yourself to secrecy until such a time as I am prepared to give my discovery to the world. I have already performed certain satisfying tests, but of course the thing is in its infancy and it may be months before I can complete it. However, if you are really interested enough to accompany me to my home, I will show you the grounds for the suggestions I made to-night at the banquet. Besides, a little trip up state won't hurt you, for you look as if you hadn't taken a vacation since commencement night."

This proffer of intimacy coming from Dick Seldon, whom I knew to be a confirmed recluse, rather winded me; however, I managed to recover enough to thank him and accept his invitation.

"Well then," said he, "lets to bed, for our train leaves at eight in the morning."

It is needless to say I slept little that night and bright and early next morning I jumped into my clothes, hurriedly packed my suitcase, and after a light breakfast, we started for the station. On the way, Dick remained as close-mouthed as a clam, and I believe he regretted his offer of the night before. However, I pretended not to notice his mood and studiously avoided every topic that might hinge upon the cause of my journey. On the train, we had little to say, as he buried himself in his paper and I strolled forward into the smoker.

After a ride of two hours, we arrived at our destination and preceded immediately to his home, where we were met by his housekeeper—like myself Dick being a confirmed bachelor—and I was shown my room. Of course I was for seeing the invention at once, but my host positively refused to enlighten me until after lunch.

KEEGAN—He was a soldier, a soldier brave and true.



He did, however, permit me to stroll through his laboratory, which was fully equipped and appointed according to modern methods. Here was a shelf of retorts, there a shelf of flasks arranged in order of capacity; below, there were test tubes in their racks, while off to one side, in a little screened space, were his reagents in their shining glass bottles. There was the usual array of Bunsens, racks, crucibles and evaporating dishes and down at one end of the room hung an heavy green curtain which enclosed perhaps one-fourth of the room space. This, I surmised, was his sanctum sanctorum and consequently did not intrude upon it.

In a short time lunch was announced and so for a while I was occupied in thoughts other than those of laboratory. When, however, my host arose with a perfunctory "Come on," I followed with an alacrity that displayed my eagerness. He led the way straight to the "shrine" and parting the curtains, bade me enter. I could make out but little, owing to the fact that the enclosure was lighted by a single small window, the glass of which was of a dark green hue matching the curtains. Gradually my eyes accustomed themselves to the dim light, which I found to have a soothing effect, and I could make out an apparatus resembling an X-ray machine in contour and to one side stood a dynamo and transformer.

Turning to my host I said, "Dick, old man, before lunch I was trying to decide whether you were a physician or a chemist. I had almost convinced myself that you were the latter, and now you turn out to be an electrician. Tell me, what are you, anyway?"

He smiled indulgently and went on making connections between his electrical apparatus and the queer-looking instrument or machine which I had noticed upon entering. It resembled, as I have said, a Roentgen ray apparatus, but the tube instead of being empty, contained a clear amber fluid. The tube was filled to within an inch of the poles, which were four in number.

After completing his preparations he turned to me and said, "You remember that in speaking of the Ultra-Violet Rays last night, you stated that no one had ever seen them; my friend, in that you were wrong. I have seen them and will soon show them to you. You see the apparatus is simple enough in itself; I have simply arranged for a cross-fire of currents. It is not the apparatus, but the liquid in the tube that is the crowning stroke. I shall be forced for the present to keep its composition from you, but that matters little. It is the effect you want and I am prepared to show it to you. If you will look just below the tube you shall see what the spectroscope cannot show you."

He turned and pulled a switch. Immediately there was a sharp report, followed by a series of crackling

sounds, and gradually a mist-like cloud formed below the tube. The crackling suddenly ceased and in its stead there was a low humming noise. The mist took on a soft delicate tinge, neither violet nor purple. It was rather a blend of colors than a single color. "Watch the clouding painting of the setting sun, with their variegated shades shifting constantly as the shadows deepen, then only can you conceive of the delicacy of the tinge which emanated from the globe." A moment later Dick cried, "Time's up; one minute is all I can allow because of the tension in the tube."

One minute! and it had seemed hours as I watched that magnificent play of colors. "Old man, I congratulate you; why, you have accomplished"—

"What," he broke in, "what good would the mere production of these rays be to mankind?"

"Why, of course, that's so, but then it is something to have accomplished this much."

His question had disconcerted me and I was at loss for an adequate reply.

"Don't look so crestfallen, Jack," he said; "do you suppose I have brought you here merely to delight your eye with a new color? No, I have gone still further into it and I have found that these rays are inimical, in fact deadly, to certain bacteria. The cocci have a peculiar resistance to them, as have most of the bacilli. There is one species of bacilli which succumbs readily after a thirty-second exposure. This variety is no other than man's greatest enemy, the tubercule bacillus. I have experimented and have found that the most virulent cultures are destroyed. What is better still, I have inoculated rabbits and have later given them the tuberculin test to which they have reacted positive. On subjecting them to the penetrating rays for three exposures, of one minute duration, I found after a lapse of one week that there was a negative tuberculin reaction. In as much as my experiments have been thus limited, I am necessarily unwilling to give my discovery to the world. After a few more tests which I have in mind, I hope to be able to secure enough proof to insure at least recognition by the association."

During this recital I had stood in open-mouthed wonder, and now I fairly embraced him.

"Dick," I cried, "you're famous! Nothing has been done to equal it since the work of Pasteur. I always thought that 'Dreamer' would some day have one of his dreams realized."

He smiled and thanked me and turned to adjust something on his apparatus. What transpired in the next few seconds I will never know. It may be that the switch fell, or that the insulation was worn from some part of the wire, but be that as it may, just as he was leaning over the tube preparatory to disconnecting it, there came

KILBOURN—For I am nothing, if not critical.

a sharp report, like that I had heard when the current had first been turned on. Immediately there followed a cry of mortal agony. There was a crash, and man and instrument lay upon the floor.

He was dead when I reached him, his body having received the full force of the powerful current. The tube was broken into a thousand fragments, while the precious contents—now worthless—stained the boards on which it had splashed. That which was to have been the monument to his fame had become the instrument of his death.

Little remains to be told. After the burial, I returned to the city to take up the ceaseless grind—the common lot of the doctor. To-night, as my thoughts revert to that eventful day, I cannot but wonder if it were fate or Providence that led Dreamer Dick into the Unknown.

H. LYONS BREHMER, '10.



KOHLER—He walks alone.

## Our Inspiration

Inspiration is that something outside of ourselves, and not a part of us, which engenders within us a determination to do certain things—to accomplish certain results. This inspiration may be in many forms. As in the days of ancient knighthood, it may be "My Lady Fair;" or it may be the desire to accumulate money—not for any particular purpose, but only to pile up money—to be a multi-millienaire. It may be fame—to be known and read of all men. Or it may be power—that at our bidding, things move or stand still. Or it may be political honors; or a desire to be great in literature, in music, in art, in law, in theology, or in medicine.

These are some of the things which inspire men—which make them spend days and nights in working, watching and waiting, so that they may lose no chance or opportunity, and that they may attain the desired end.

Some of these "inspirations" are worthy—some are unworthy. But more worthy than any of them is the inspiration of "love of humanity" which leads men to fill their lives with good deeds for the benefit of their fellow men. This is by far the worthiest of inspirations, and is the one which will bring to the worker the greatest reward of this life—a happy and a contented mind. Whether there is a future life need not be considered—it will pay for this life alone. Other inspirations may stimulate as greatly—and though the end attained may be the highest possible, may indeed reach the full realization of all ambition and desire, yet there lacks satisfaction. None of these other things satisfy. The mental unrest remains. Happiness is missing. Only one inspiration offers the mind and soul the rest for which it seeks—the happy contented life—and that is the inspiration of love of others—the unselfish doing of things for others.

Is this possible considering our frailties and our surrounding circumstances? It certainly is. Each man is his own master. It has been beautifully said:

LAWSON—What strong man is this?

" Out of the night which covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods there be  
For my unconquerable soul.

It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul."

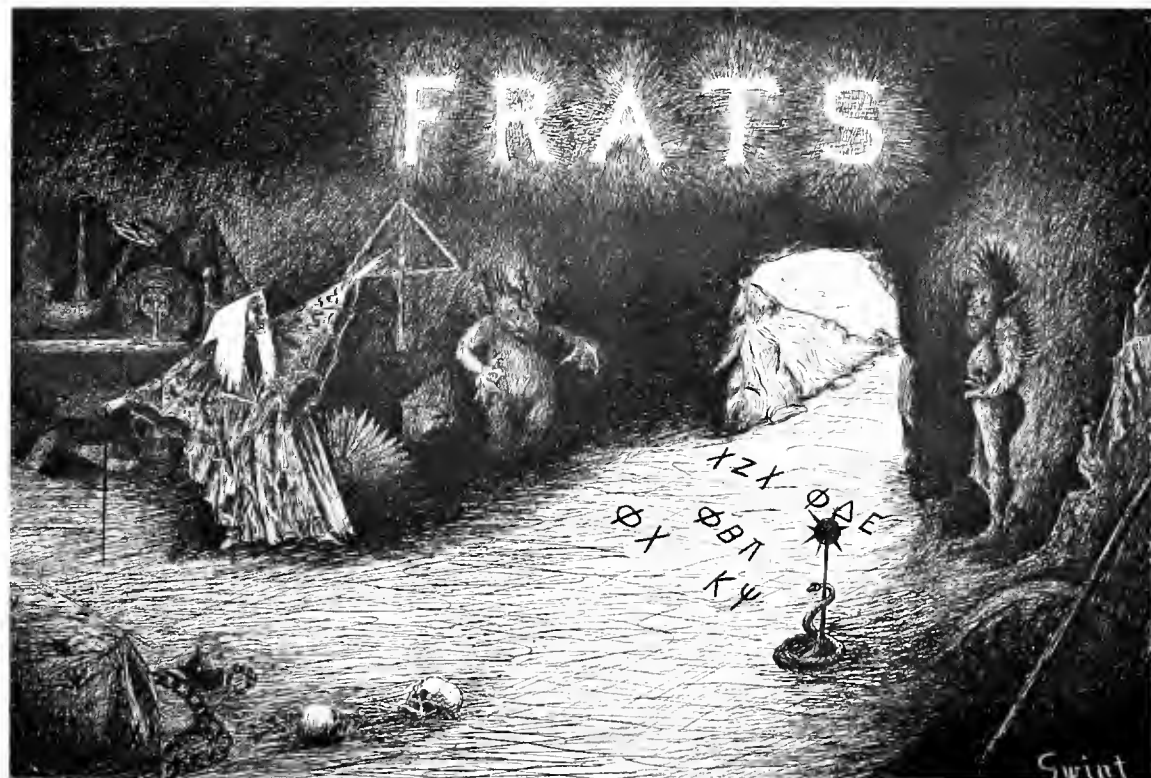
Each man can be what he wills to be. There is no such thing as luck or circumstance controlling his destiny. Talk not to me of souls who conceive sublime ideals, but deterred by fate and bound by circumstance, sit desolate and long for heights they never can achieve. It is not so. That which we most desire with understanding, we at last obtain in whole or part. I hold there is no rain or deluge that can quench a heavenly fire. We build our ships with timbers of the brain. With products of the soul we load the hold. Where lies the fault if they bring back no gold, or if they spring a leak upon the main? There is no luck, no chance. The will is all. So be it, thou art pure and strong of purpose, thy success is sure, but fools and sluggards prate of circumstance. Inasmuch then as these things are true and we have choice of what will be our inspiration, may we choose that our lives be those of unselfish devotion to our work—loyalty to duty—the doing of good to our fellow men.

'Tis the human touch in this world that counts,  
The touch of your hand and mine.  
That means much more to the fainting heart  
Than shelter and bread and wine.

For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,  
And bread lasts merely a day,  
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice  
Sing on in the soul away.

SPENCER M. FREE.

MAKIN—The man of firm and noble soul.











# Phi Beta Pi Fraternity

## Zeta Chapter

Fraternity Founded 1891

Chapter Installed 1901  
Chapter House, 205 West Franklin Street

*Colors*—Green and White

## Roll of Active Chapters

Alpha.....	University of Pittsburg, Medical Department
Beta.....	University of Michigan, Medical Department
Delta.....	Rush Medical College, Chicago, Ill.
Epsilon.....	Mc Gill University, Medical Department
Zeta.....	Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Eta.....	Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Theta.....	Northwestern University Medical College
Iota.....	College of P. and S., University of Illinois
Kappa.....	Detroit College of Medicine
Lambda.....	St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.
Mu.....	Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.
Nu.....	University Medical College, Kansas City, Mo.

MARSHNER—I am always present!

Xi.....	University of Minnesota, Medical Department
Omicron.....	Purdue University, Medical College, Indianapolis, Ind.
Pi.....	University of Iowa, Medical College
Rho.....	Vanderbilt University, Medical Department
Sigma.....	University of Alabama, Medical College
Tau.....	University of Missouri, Medical Department
Upsilon.....	Ohio Wesleyan University Medical School
Phi.....	University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.
Chi.....	Georgetown University Medical School
Psi.....	Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Va.
Omega.....	Cooper Medical College, San Francisco, Cal.
Alpha Alpha.....	John A. Creighton University, Omaha, Nebr.
Alpha Beta.....	Tulane University, Medical Department
Alpha Gamma.....	Syracuse University, Medical Department
Alpha Delta.....	Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alpha Epsilon.....	Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.
Alpha Zeta.....	Indiana University, School of Medicine, Bloomington, Ind.
Alpha Eta.....	University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Alpha Theta.....	University of Pennsylvania, Medical Department, Philadelphia, Pa.
Alpha Iota.....	University of Kansas, Medical Department
Alpha Kappa.....	University of Texas, Medical Department
Alpha Lambda.....	Cornell University, Medical College, New York City

MESSAGE—By his speech shall you know him.

## Active Members

### SENIOR CLASS

FRANK L. BENSON  
JOHN J. BURNE  
FRANK DUVALLEY  
LORAH O. FOX  
JULIUS R. FISHER  
FRED F. HOLROYD  
THOS. F. KEATING

ROY W. LOCHER  
ALONZO W. LITTLE  
ERNEST H. McDEDE  
BENJ. O. McCLEARY  
EDGAR B. NOLAND  
JAMES A. RIPPERT  
FRANK H. SISSLER

### JUNIOR CLASS

KARL W. ALLISON  
A. B. ECKERDT  
EDWARD S. HAMILTON

JOHN E. MARSCITNER  
HERMAN S. MILLER  
JOHN D. SMYSER

### SOPHOMORE CLASS

WALTER S. BENSON  
HARRY L. BRILLHART  
JOHN CANAVAN  
WILLIARD CHRISTOPHERSON  
WILLIAM C. ENSLOW  
RICHARD A. IRELAND

PAUL KISH  
FRANK PAUL  
SILVIA J. ROBERTS  
EDWARD P. SMITH  
ALBERT C. SHANNON  
MAYES B. WILLIAMS

### FRESHMAN CLASS

WALTER L. BROWN  
J. EDWARD DAY  
R. L. DEVEREUX

JOHN DOYLE  
FRANK DWYER  
LESLIE T. RUSMISSELLE

CLYDE L. SEITZ

MICHEL—He is always at hand





# Phi Chi Fraternity

## Chapter Roll

Installed March, 1902

Delta Delta Chapter

Founded 1878 at University of Vermont

*Flower*—White Carnation

Alpha.....	Medical Department of University of Vermont
Zeta.....	Medical Department of University of Texas
Eta.....	Medical College of Virginia
Theta.....	University College of Medicine, Richmond
Iota.....	Medical Department, University of Alabama
Lambda.....	Medical Department, University of Western Pennsylvania
Mu.....	Medical College of Indiana, Indianapolis
Nu.....	Birmingham Medical College, Alabama
Omicron.....	Medical Department, Tulane University, Louisiana
Xi.....	University of Fort Worth, Texas
Pi.....	Medical Department of Vanderbilt University
Rho.....	Chicago University
Sigma.....	Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, Georgia
Tau.....	University of South Carolina

MILLER—Time elaborately thrown away

Upsilon.....	Atlanta Medical College
Phi.....	Medical Department, George Washington University
Chi.....	Jefferson Medical College, Pennsylvania
Psi.....	University of Michigan
Alpha Alpha.....	Medical Department University of Louisville
Alpha Theta.....	Ohio Wesleyan
Beta Beta.....	Baltimore Medical College
Gamma Gamma.....	Medical College of Maine at Bowdoin College
Delta Delta.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore
Theta Theta.....	Maryland Medical College
Kappa Alpha Kappa.....	Medical Department, Georgetown University
Pi Sigma.....	University of Maryland
Sigma Theta.....	Medical Department, University of North Carolina
Sigma Nu Chi.....	Chattanooga Medical College, Tennessee
Sigma Mu Chi.....	Alumni Association, Chattanooga, Tennessee
Phi Sigma.....	Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery
Chi Theta.....	Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia
Kappa Psi.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, St. Louis
Pi Delta Phi.....	Los Angeles Department of Medicine, University of California
Upsilon Pi.....	Medico-Chirurgical College, Philadelphia
Kappa Delta.....	Medical Department, Johns Hopkins University

MORRISON—And the loud laugh that spake the idle mind.





# Roll of Members

## SENIORS

H. A. BOLTON  
L. P. FLEMING  
H. GOLDMAN  
G. W. KAHLE  
C. W. MAXSON  
H. MACMILLAN  
J. C. NEWELL  
G. A. SEYMOUR

W. M. HOBSON  
F. E. ROE  
F. STEINKE  
H. N. BOYD  
M. J. VOGT  
J. HUGHES  
J. G. W. SCHIAFFER

## JUNIORS

N. H. BAILEY  
C. J. BAUMGARTNER  
J. N. CALLAHAN  
JOHN B. MAKIN  
E. J. PINKUS  
A. T. LAWSON  
JOHN F. SHEA  
B. N. SWINT

J. THORKELSON  
J. V. O'CONNOR  
F. H. HUTCHINSON  
J. T. HANIFIN  
C. F. HEIL  
W. D. KAHLE  
T. J. ROCHE  
R. MUTCHLER

MUTCHLER—Work will never kill me.

### SOPHOMORES

J. H. BANNISTER  
N. H. CHAMPE  
W. T. DRISCOLL  
E. X. THOMPSON  
Z. W. WYATT  
T. J. O'BRIEN

B. H. LONG  
J. S. BROWN  
L. C. SCHWARTZ  
A. W. CREWS  
G. A. PARKER  
L. O. QUILLEN

### FRESHMAN

C. F. SARGENT  
E. F. FLORA  
C. W. BELI  
E. D. SILVERS

F. P. FLOYD  
R. J. DOWELL  
W. F. LAKE

O'CONNOR—Going! Going! Gone!

# Chi Zeta Chi Fraternity

Founded Nineteen Hundred and Three at the University of Georgia

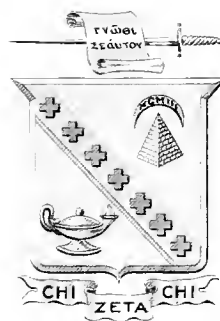
*Fraternity Colors*—Purple and Old Gold

*Fraternity Flower*—White Carnation

## Roll of Active Chapters

Alpha.....	Medical Department, University of Georgia
Beta.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University
Delta.....	Medical Department, University of Maryland
Epsilon.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons of Atlanta, Georgia
Zeta.....	Baltimore Medical College
Theta.....	Medical Department, Vanderbilt University
Kappa.....	Atlanta School of Medicine, Georgia
Lambda.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Memphis, Tenn.
Mu.....	Medical Department, Tulane University, Louisiana
Nu.....	Medical Department, University of Arkansas
Xi.....	Medical Department, St. Louis University
Omicron.....	Medical Department, Washington University, St. Louis
Pi.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago
Rho.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore
Sigma.....	Medical Department, George Washington University
Tau.....	Jefferson Medical College
Upsilon.....	Medical Department, Fordham University
Phi.....	Medical Department, Lincoln University, Tennessee
Chi.....	Long Island Hospital Medical College
Alumni Chapter.....	Atlanta, Ga.

PINKUS—The man from Mexico.







## **Uho Chapter, Chi Zeta Chi**

Chapter House, 108 Franklin Street, East

### **Roll of Membership**

#### **SENIORS**

H. LYONS BREHMER  
CHARLES W. DALY  
WALTER D. BLANKENSHIP  
JAMES M. HANRAHAN

LOUIS D. MOORE  
JAMES F. MACGINN  
WILBERT L. GROUNDS  
HAROLD E. LONGSDORF

#### **JUNIORS**

CLARENCE W. ZURCHER  
HOWARD E. HARMAN  
WILLIAM T. GOCKE  
KARL H. TRIPPETT

JOHN F. HOGAN  
JAMES F. GORMAN  
JOHN F. FLYNN  
JOSEPH J. KOCYAN  
JOSEPH B. KILBOURN

#### **SOPHOMORES**

WILLIAM L. SHEAHAN  
FRITZ J. KIMZEY  
JOHN F. SPEARMAN

ALEXANDER MASON EVANS  
PETER L. KEOUGH  
RALPH E. COSTANZO

#### **FRESHMEN**

J. GERALD O'BRIEN  
LOUIS D. BARNES  
JAMES A. DIXON

PAUL F. FLEMMING  
BURTON L. STERNER  
J. DEVER STEWART

ZINN—Er spielt gerne.



# Kappa Psi Fraternity

## Chapter Roll

Alpha (Grand Council)	Wilmington, Del.
Gamma	Columbia University, New York City
Delta	University of Maryland
Epsilon	Maryland Medical College
Eta	Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, Philadelphia, Pa.
Iota	University of Alabama, Medical Department
Kappa	Birmingham Medical College, Birmingham, Ala.
Lambda	Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Mu	Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, Boston, Mass.
Nu	Medical College of South Carolina, Charleston, S. C.
Xi	University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.
Omicron	University of Tennessee, Nashville, Tenn.
Pi	Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
Rho	Atlanta College of Physicians and Surgeons, Atlanta, Ga.
Sigma	College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md.
Tau	University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala. (Pre-Clinic)
Upsilon	Louisville College of Pharmacy, Louisville, Ky.
Philadelphia Alumni Chapter	Philadelphia, Pa.
New York Alumni Chapter	New York City
Baltimore Alumni Chapter	Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham Alumni Chapter	Birmingham, Ala.

RIDER—He is a product to be marvelled at.

## Active Members

### 1910

O. S. CAMPBELL  
GROVER C. BLAKE  
G. F. GRISINGER  
W. H. KELSEA  
W. G. HARPER

J. R. TUCKWILLER  
W. B. HUNTER  
J. T. POWERS  
E. P. SHELLENBERG  
G. L. HIGGINS

### 1911

JOSEPH F. KEEGAN  
H. T. EDMONDSON  
C. V. GAUTIER

JOSEPH DEERY  
PAUL RIDER  
ARCH C. HALL

### 1912

JAMES K. GUTHRIE

DALE JOHNSON

Roche--Displaying great mentality.



# Phi Delta Epsilon Fraternity

Organized May 15, 1900.

Chapter founded March, 1900.

*Chapter Colors--Old Gold and Purple*

## Roll of Chapters

Alpha.....	Cornell University Medical College
Beta.....	University of New York and Bellevue Medical College
Gamma.....	Columbia Medical College
Delta.....	Baltimore Medical College
Zeta.....	Long Island Medical College
Theta.....	Fordham University, Medical Department
Iota.....	College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore
Epsilon.....	University of Maryland, Medical School
Lambda.....	Medical Department, University of Pennsylvania
Rho.....	Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia
Sigma.....	Jefferson Medical College
Nu.....	University of Syracuse, Medical College
Omega.....	University of Louisville, Medical School
Phi.....	University of Wisconsin, Medical College

SHEA I study much.







## Roll of Members

### SENIORS

M. S. AVIDON  
W. J. FROITZHEIM  
C. J. LANGLOIS  
B. L. NAIMON

HERMAN SEIDEL  
W. J. COSTELLO  
JOSEPH GIORGISSI  
EMANUEL TOOMIN  
N. A. J. CREANSKI

### JUNIORS

HORACE W. KOHLER

LOUIS V. WILLIAMS

### SOPHOMORES

C. F. COUGHLIN  
M. S. EISNER  
W. T. McMAHON  
A. E. MAN

GEORGE A. KOHLER  
N. B. REESER  
M. T. HORWITZ  
JACOB E. MENDELSON  
JOHN NOONEY

### FRESHMEN

W. J. GATTI

J. F. MUMFORD  
C. J. MARINO

ST. ANGELO—Oh that he were here to write me down—an ass



## Mr. Albert's Aphorisms

When one percusses over a medical student's pocket, one gets a dead, empty note.

Pocket-books and bill-folds give a peculiar flat sound.

Any other note one gets over the pocket or pocket-book is due to coin or bills.

When this is due to coin one calls it "going some"; when due to bills, it is called "flush."

## Prof. Bevan's Postulates

- I. The student must be present at all quizzes.
- II. He must be interested solely in the study of medicine.
- III. His enthusiasm must impart itself readily to his associates.
- IV. Such associates must be similarly enthused and in turn, devote themselves to the study of medicine.

## Prof. Sanger's Three Cardiac Propositions

- I. A student's appetite may precede the first meal of the day ending with it.
  - II. A student appetite may take the place of, and follow the first meal of the day.
  - III. A student appetite may take the place of, and follow the second or third meals of the day.
- Note.*—The first is a very rare one and found only in a few selected cases.

SMYSER—Amend your ways and your doings.

## Medical Maxims

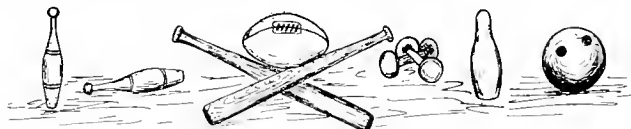
1. It's an ill wind that blows the doctor good.
2. To err is normal, to cure divine.
3. A patient in the office is worth two in the grave.
4. Never operate during periods of depression, particularly financial.
5. It is best to have operated and lost, than never to have operated at all.
6. A stitch in time saves embarrassment.
7. An ounce of pretension is worth a pound of cure.
8. When patients relapse, its nature's fault ; when they die, it's their own.

SWINR—He talks little but does much.

# ATHLETICS



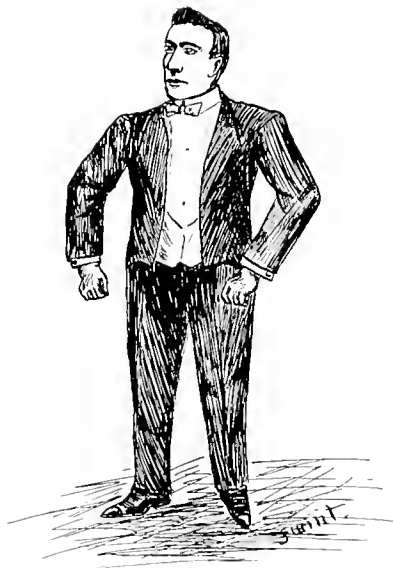
THERE AINT NONE



## D. M. C. A. Officers, 1909-10

<i>President</i> .....	CHARLES W. MAXON
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	CARL J. BAUMGARTNER
<i>Chairman Bible Study</i> .....	HARRY BOLTON
<i>Chairman Mission Study</i> .....	AUBREY F. LAWSON
<i>Secretary</i> .....	L. ROBERTS
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	N. B. WILFECOMB





Hogan At The Fraternity Dance.

"Marty" Hogan's Rules of Etiquette

1. First of all, one should always carry one's self as though one had a broom-stick up one's back or an ankylosed spinal column.
2. Assume a position as if one was just about to fly by extending the arms outward at an angle of 45° with the body, and flex the forearm at right angles with the arm (see cut).
3. In offering a lady one's arm, one extends the arm slightly, at the same time raising the forearm and placing one's hand firmly upon the ventral aspect of one's anatomy, in such a position that the palm of the hand will cover the point occupied by the ensiform appendix of the sternum. Always have the fingers and thumb extended and adjoining. This latter is especially important.
4. When giving a lady acquaintance a present, one should always remove the price tag unless it is a very expensive present.
5. If one steps on a lady's train never stop to make excuses, but make a hasty retreat.
6. It is never in good taste to indulge in personal pleasantries, such as referring to a lady's artificial teeth as her collection of porcelains.

TRIPPEIT—A fool must now and then be right by chance.



Harman

Gocke

Vogt

Hamilton

# The Bacteriaburgh Bugle

## News Items

Mr. Bacillus Anthrax and two hundred thousand millions of his children arrived at C. of P. and S. Pier No. 50 last week via the 120-lb transport "James."

There was a delightful coasting party among the Influenza children last night, over on snowflake No. 123,-456,789,000,000,000, just as it was falling into the courtyard of the Mercy Hospital.

Mr. Tubercule Bacillus has announced his intention of moving into the pleural district of Mendelsohn (2d year) with his entire family. He says there is a fine chance for some lucky chap to get in a lot of work there, and he means to be the one.

Mr. B. Typhosis has engaged an high-spirited and good-looking house-fly for transportation purposes this coming season.

There was quite a disturbance the first of this week in one of our newly-acquired cellular possessions—the little point on Lawson's neck known as Carbuncle. The Aureus company of the Staphylococci regiment, who were on guard duty, were suddenly attacked by an advancing party of the Leukocytes. Happily, however, the defenders had their new double, back-action chemotactic rifles and readily disposed of the intruders, leaving a corps (core) of their dead bodies in the field.

The large membrane manufactory of the Diphtheria company has been working but half-time lately, due to lack of their regular working force. An epidemic of antitoxin has been going around which has forced many hands to quit. In fact, a number of deaths are reported.

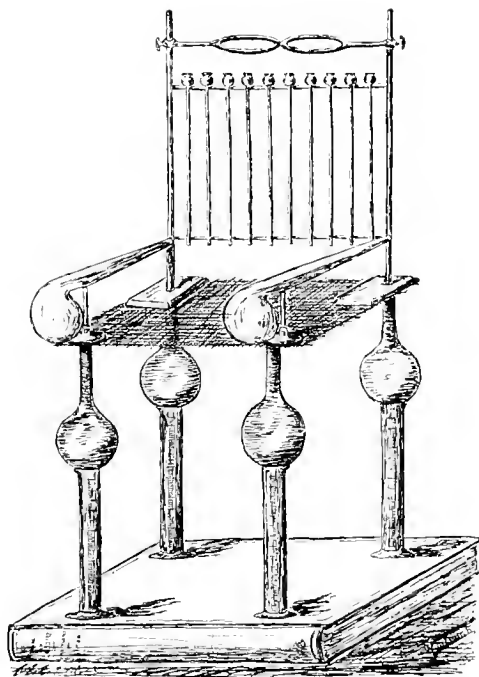
Report has it that Gasoformans, the noted rope milk walker, has been arrested by Prof. Stokes for bad conduct. It is said that it is almost impossible to elude this member of the medical force.

THORKELSON—The secret of success is constancy of purpose.



You sing a little song or two,  
You have a little chat,  
You eat a little candy fudge  
And then you take your hat;  
You hold her hand and say good-night,  
As sweetly as you can,  
Now isn't that a h—l of an evening  
For a great big healthy man.





COLLEGE TERM—CHAIR OF CHEMISTRY.

## To Dear P. and S.

Dear old college of my classmates,  
 May the seasons never bring  
 That sad day when I forget thee  
 And the joys thou used to sing;  
 For thou gavest me in manhood,  
 When all other friends refused,  
 Words of peace and consolation,  
 As within thy halls I mused.  
 Dear old college, alas! how many  
 Are the long and lonely days  
 Since I last beheld thy beauty  
 In life's parting sunset rays!  
 And though oft' my feet have wandered  
 Into pathways dark and dim,  
 And though oft' the cup of sorrow  
 Has been crowned full to the brim,  
 Heaven knows I would be happy  
 Could I thread thy halls once more,  
 Lost in class time meditation,  
 As I did in the days of yore.  
 But to wish is nothing, nothing!  
 I can only say farewell,  
 With a yearning in my bosom  
 Far too great for tongue to tell.

J. F. F.

WOODRUFF—It is not good that man should be alone.

## When Greek meets Greek, or the Clash of '12 and '13

### I.

"Come boys, bring the lyre, and we'll have a song  
Of battles—for there were two—  
'Twixt Sophomores and Freshmen  
Who hold traditions true.

### II

"The Freshs were gathered in Twenty-five,  
Fully three score ten of them,  
To take their initial lecture  
Under Fort the medicine man.

### III

"The Sophs tho' weak in numbers,  
Went in to do or die,  
While half the Freshs took to their heels  
When they heard the Juniors cry.

### IV

"'Freshmen Out' was the signal yell,  
And we shall never fail  
To remember how those bloody Sophs  
Came at us tooth and nail.

### V

"'Twas truly a battle royal,  
Each Soph and Fresh matched well;  
We certainly had them 'going some,'  
So the records plainly tell.

### VI

"The battle waged long and furious  
Full an hour and an half, 'tis said,  
And when the clouds of dust arose  
Not a man was found quite dead.

### VII

"Tho' three were counted down and out—  
Dwyer, Floyd and Brown—  
While Silver, the sturdy half-back,  
Might have gone another round.

### VIII

"Thus ended the first of the battles;  
We thought we'd won the day.  
So we did, but the following morning  
We found to our dismay—

WILLIAMS—Give thy thoughts no tongue.

## IX

" That the enemy didn't think so,  
     For with hose and flour they came  
 From above in the amphitheatre—  
     So we simply didn't remain.

## X

" And the venerable Prof. Simon,  
     Had he the presence of mind,  
 Might have easily evaporated—  
     And thereby escaped in time.

## XI

" He stood by his post like a soldier,  
     And bore his Waterloo;  
 But when the Chemistry finals come  
     Few Sophs will ever get through.

## XII

" The Freshs and Sophs then take to the street,  
     Both Juniors and Seniors too;  
 And the battle is renewed in earnest,  
     Until the bluecoats pinch a few.

## XIII

" Away they're rushed to the lock-up,  
     Thus endeth the second fight;  
 And if we hadn't bailed them out,  
     They'd have slept in there all night.

## XIV

" In all it cost us an hundred bones,  
     About thirty cents per head.  
 The College was out some, we believe,  
     Though never a word was said.

## XV.

" Some hope this ancient class rush  
     With us has breathed its last;  
 For tho' a time honoured custom,  
     'Tis a relic of the past."



ZURCHER—I shall be as secret as the grave.

## The Calendar

1909  
October

- 1—The curtain rises on the first semester of work at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore.
- 2—The Sophomores have seen the Freshmen and are unable to elect a Sergeant-at-Arms.
- 3—Sunday—Freshmen all go to see Druid Hill Park.
- 4—Lectures commence and the first bout between the Freshmen and Sophomores is pulled off.
- 5—St. Angelo returns!!!
- 6—Second class rush—Oh you big Freshmen!
- 7—The memorable day of the Flour Paste Rush. Freshmen sustain the attack well and chase the Sophs from the building.
- 8—Guthrie moves from the third to the second floor at No. 315 Lafayette Ave.
- 9—Prof. Simon, in answer to the Sophomores' apologies for the pasty mix-up in No. 34, returns to lecture to them.
- 10—Sunday—Underclassmen rest from war.
- 11—Guthrie moves back from the second to the third floor.
- 12—A Freshman appears in the dissecting room and faints with the exclamation, "I saw a stiff, I saw a stiff."
- 13—Only seventy-two days to Christmas!
- 14—The Freshmen hear of *Gray*.
- 15—The Sophomores renew their acquaintance with the girls at Young & Selden's.
- 16—Juniors attend the three morning clinics.
- 17—Sunday.
- 18—Someone discovered cleaning windows in No. 33.

- 19—St. Angelo treats the Clinical Section to a box of cigars!
- 20—Bonness' trousers go up a half inch.
- 21—Three weeks of college past!!
- 22—Wanted—Bigger men—by the Sophomore Class.
- 23—Guthrie moves from No. 315 Lafayette Ave to No. 807 North Calvert St.
- 24—Sunday.
- 25—Prof. Dobbin quizzes the Seniors on the pelvis.
- 26—McLaughlin hears of the table of Apothecaries' weight and tries to reckon his own weight in drachms!!!
- 27—Guthrie moves from No. 807 Calvert St. to St. Paul St.
- 28—St. Angelo decides to hold a mass meeting to call off lectures so all can attend the Navy-Princeton game.
- 29—Prof. Julius Friedenwald wants to know if Snysen is in the Junior Class.

November 2—Election Day—Holiday.

- 3—Busy making up for the holiday.
- 4—Sooy declares he has had experience on a Year Book (when?).
- 5—Sophomore monstaches appear.
- 6—Guthrie is thinking of moving!!!
- 8—Guthrie moves to No. 834 St. Paul St.
- 9—O'Brien gets ready to go home for Thanksgiving.
- 10—Deever Stewart learns how to pitch pennies.
- 11—Trippett makes a heroic demonstration of alcohol as an antidote for carbolic acid.
- 12—Goetze passes a stomach electrode in Prof. Friedenwald's clinic.  
Jimmie McGinn borrows fifty cents and takes his grandmother to the Maryland Theatre.
- 13—Guthrie moves from 834 St. Paul St. to 717 N. Calvert St.
- 15—Last day to get \$5 off on Tuititon.
- 16—St. Angelo promulgates the "Teasing Along" theory in regard to the Amoebae Dysentariae.
- 17—Frats start to do rushing business.
- 18—Trippett gets in a hurry!!!!

- 19—Dr. Hayden tells the Junior Class his annual joke.
- 20—First-of-the-year cigars all gone and the "makin's" are in demand.
- 22—Swartz and Vogt take notes on the back of time-tables.  
Swartz and Vogt gone for Thanksgiving.
- 24—Snow. Lectures close for Thanksgiving.
- 25—Thanksgiving.
- 29—Lectures resumed. Freshmen carry turkey wish-bones into Osteology class for good luck.
- 30—Classes filling up again.

- December
- 1—First Senior fight. Combatants—Campbell and Avidon; Result—Campbell wins.
  - 2—Hogan is present at the first lecture.
  - 3—Powers' hair is getting long; he looks belligerent.
  - 4—Bud Blankenship runs five blocks to resuscitate a woman with *morphia*.
  - 6—Everyone studying for the Mid-years.
  - 7—Second Senior fight. Combatants—Powers and Noland; Result --?
  - 8—It is rumored that college doesn't close till the 22d.
  - 9—Michel is seen alone.
  - 10—Faculty have a change of heart, much to the students' satisfaction, and we are to leave the 18th.
  - 11—Wyatt gets a new girl.
  - 12—Prof. Dobbin, starting out for a spin in his motor car, receives a puncture on Mount Royal Ave.
  - 14—Mid-year Exams start.
  - 15—Freshmen hold final session with Osteology.
  - 16—Sophomores begin smoking cigars preparatory to their Christmas vacation.
  - 17—Everybody packs to go home.
  - 18—Junior Class assemble for last examination, but find it isn't there to be taken, so break ranks for the holidays.
  - 25—Christmas.

*Second Semester—1910*

- January     3—Lectures to the students who didn't go home.

- 4—Fellows begin to come in.
- 5—All the "pluggers" back—the rest are coming.
- 6—Guthrie is interested with the "Eternal Feminine" in West Baltimore.
- 8—Crack-a-loo seems to be gaining the ascendancy.
- 10—Juniors are initiated into the manikin work in Obstetrics.
- 11—Prof. Rubrah gives the Juniors their delayed examination in Therapeutics.
- 12—Brown, of the Sophomore Class, decides on a beard as the best means of making him look "distinguished."
- 13—Harman telephones down to see if there is anything doing.  
Prof. Chambers pays a fifteen-minute call on the Junior Class, but makes the time count.
- 15—Sophomore Long also has a misplaced eyebrow.
- 17—Calahan proposes a new method for administering the infusion of digitalis.
- 18—Christmas cigars have disappeared.
- 19—Rough house in marble hall—Nothing new.
- 20—Prof. Harrison does an interesting skin-grafting operation, which is attended by men from all classes.
- 21—A street boy sings to the Sophomores in the dissecting room and gets a few pennies.
- 22—Glass-door in Room 25 gets broken.
- 24—Calls for unpaid tuition.
- 25—Prof. Bevan gives out the results of the Mid-year Exams.
- 26—What's the matter with the Basketball Team? For details see under "Athletics."
- 28—Was Harman sick?
- 29—Chalk fight. O'Connor doesn't see the sport.
- 31—New Year's resolutions on the decline with a proportionate increase in smoking.

- February**
- 1—Third Senior fight. Combatants: Campbell and Cohen.
  - 2—Comic Opera, by Goeke the comedian.
  - 3—Prof. Beck presents a case of Acromegaly at his clinic.
  - 4—Vogt decides to start a beard.
  - 5—Mann, Goldstein and Harwitz go calling on young ladies, who propose a feed. The gentlemen are



game, but the girls are more so, and when the bill is handed in, Mann slips a diamond ring into the waiter's hand to pay the expense. Oh you sports!!!

6—Vogt watches his beard grow.

7—Vogt uses "Seven Sutherland Sisters Hair Restorer" on his beard.

8—Vogt's beard is very perceptible and is beginning to be irritable.

9—Gocke smokes an after-lecture cigar in the Faculty Room with Prof. Dobbin.

Vogt's beard is more irritating.

10—Sophomores have their picture taken.

Vogt's beard is approaching the maximum of irritation.

11—Fourth Senior fight. Combatants: Vogt and Joe "Jesse." Causa belli—The irritability of Vogt's beard produced a proto plasmic contractility in his muscles.

12—"Crack-a-loos."

14—St. Valentine's Day.

15—Last warning to have picture taken for the CLINIC.

16—Dr. Shea has his picture taken and thereby proves his right to first place among the stubborn.

17—Heyman is present for Prof. Gardner's lecture.

18—Prof. Dobbin gives the Junior Class some hints in dress-making.

19—Dr. McCleary calls Canavan, Kimzey and Spearman down out of the goat row.

21—Mass Meeting in "Fifty One." Longsdorf is presented with prize for essay.

22—Washington's Birthday—Holiday.

23—Prof. Friedenwald comments on Kahle's spelling.

24—Amill appears at lectures for the second time this year.

25—Advanced sale of tickets for the "Benefit" is under way.

26—Hamilton buys a plug of tobacco!

28—Williams promises Prof. Stokes to read no more newspapers during his lectures.

March     1—Guthrie (of moving fame) deserts his "sweetheart" in West Baltimore and amuses himself by pitching pennies with the sports.  
             3—Coughlin's and McMahon's landlady learns that they are medical students and casts them out into a cold world.

- 4—Glass door in Room 25 gets broken.  
11—Junior class sees autopsy.  
13—Sunday—Harman, Zurcher and Kilbourn promenade Charles St.  
14—College benefit at Ford's Opera House.  
17—St. Patrick's Day.  
18—Have some of the fellows chlorosis?  
19—Powers and Dwyer have a word tussle which nearly caused a class mix-up.  
21—Gocke exhibits his skill as a musician by grinding out tunes from a hurdy-gurdy.  
22—Seniors beat the Freshmen at baseball to the tune of 20 to 2.  
23—Everyone slows down for Easter vacation.  
24—Lectures close for Easter vacation and everybody promises to get to work for the finals as soon as they return.  
CLINIC goes to press.



GRINDS

Prof. Lockwood in clinic—"It is said, Goldman, that you treated your patient for pneumonia and he died of heart disease."

Goldman—"Professor Lockwood, when I treat a patient for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia!"

Quiz in "Chem. Lab."—Dr. Onnen—"Bernabe."

Bernabe—"Here, Doctor."

Dr. Onnen—"What is water?"

Bernabe—"Water is a colorless liquid, which becomes black when you wash your hands in it!"

Swartz (hearing the door-bell ring)—"There is the postman, Reeser."

Reeser—"No it isn't. It's only half after eight, and my letter does not come until nine o'clock."

McDowell—"Before going further, I should say that I am indebted to Osler for these facts, as my experience is small" (groans from class).

Prof. Lockwood—"Well, where do we find beri-beri?"

Dr. Berry entering room—"Right here, Doctor."

Professor Lockwood—"What was that?"

Dr. Berry—"Berry is right here, Doctor."

Professor—"That is good, very good, I can't see very well, but I hear very well, that is funny, that is good, good!"

Dr. Novak—"What are the divisions of the stomach?"

O'Brien (freshman)—"Into the large and small intestines."

Prof. Gardner—"MacDede, how would you make a subcutaneous suture?"

MacDede (hesitatingly)—"I don't believe I know, Professor."

Prof. Gardner—"Well, I thought that the superintendent of the hospital knew everything."

Keating—"My photograph must correspond with my dignity, if it takes fifty sittings!"



Dr. Dobbin—No Modern Airships For Me.



Newell arrives in Mapleville  
after graduation.

Bigelow, after trying twenty-five minutes to test the accommodation of a patient with a glass eye, finally said—"I will give it up, Professor."

Dwyer—"What are the bones in the wrist?"

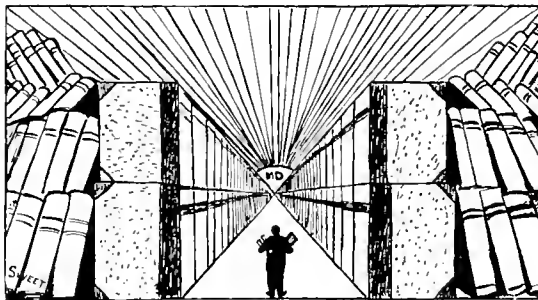
Devereux—"The uniform, the os magnesia, the pixiform." Then scratching his head—"Oh, I give it up, Prof. Harrison will never ask that, anyway."

Prof. Ruhräh—"Explain the action of digitalis in mitral insufficiency."

St. Angelo—"Digitalis forces the blood pressure through the aorta—"

Prof. Ruhräh—"Have you a very clear idea of its action?"

St. Angelo (promptly)—"Oh! Yes, sir."



Blankenship—"Professor, how long should one delay before making a diagnosis?"

Prof. Lockwood—"Until you know what the disease is."

Dr. Stifler (in Biology Lab.)—"Give me the morphology of the "Lumbricus."

Ginty (freshman)—"Doctor, what kind of lumber is that?"

Prof. Lockwood—"Is the mortality high?"

Longsdorf—"Yes, but only a few die."

Senior—" We had an organ recital in Room 26 to-day."

Junior—" You don't say."

Senior—" Yes, Prof. Bevan lectured on appendicitis."

Prof. Fort—" Fleming, what is terpin hydrate?"

Fleming (promptly)—" Black pepper."

Prof. MacGlannan—" So you see, the thymus gland becomes of little importance after early childhood."

Gaggioli—" But it lasts a long time in a calf, doesn't it?"

Prof. MacGlannan—" Yes, but who wants to be a calf?"

Dr. Louis Rosenthal—" Mr. Callahan, why would you use the infusion of digitalis in such a case?"

Callahan—" Because, Doctor, I suppose it would be more readily absorbed, being infused into the vessels."

It is said that Prof. Sanger calls Giorgissi " The abdominal piano player."

Prof. Chambers—" Is the movement of a fractured clavicle great or little?"

Hogan—" Just a little, Professor."

Prof. Chambers—" Well, as a matter of fact, it is a little too much!"

Dr. Morrill—" Mr. Callahan, what do you know about laryngeal diphtheria?"

Callahan—" Why—er—Doctor, is that the same as laryngéal diphtheria?"

Prof. Fort—" What is the universal antidote?"

McMahon—" Whiskey, sir."

A doctor may spend his money like water, but that is no sign that he gets it from the " well."

Prof. Simon (in Chemistry quiz)—" Do you know what soap is?"

Sooy—" No, sir, I do not."



McLaughlin—One Freshman Who Did  
Not Run During The Rush.



Kelly—A Living Image of  
"What's The Use"



Sargent (at the door of the Chemistry laboratory)—“ Say, fellows, what are you studying in there, Histology?”

Who is it says with pleasant smile,  
“ Everything else being equal”?  
Who is it says, “ Get up your bones  
Else your exams have a sequel”?

Who is it says, “ A lecture now  
We'll have by you on  $H_2O$ ”?  
Who is it says, “ Drop in some day  
You may like it, Oh, don't you know”?

Who says, “ Start up your water-bath”?  
Who says, “ To re-ca-pitulate”?  
Who says, “ James, to the Board of Health  
This basket of test tubes take”?

Who says, “ Good morning to you all”?  
And has a kind heart in him bound.  
Who is it says, “ At ev'ry call  
Cough up, or you need not come 'round”?

Dr. Ulman—What is the difference between the origin and insertion of a muscle?”

Costanzo—“ Why, origin means where it arises, and insertion means where it is inserted.”

Wyatt (showing a picture of one of his fifteen girls)—“ How do you like Lulu's picture?”

Lake—“ Why, man, her mouth is wide open.”

Wyatt—“ Well, I suppose it was a time exposure.”

I wonder what would happen—

If Jim Gorman attended two classes in succession.

If Allison got a shave.

If Bailey asked a sensible question.



IRELAND—If you were not so small I would give you a good thumping.

KISH—And if you were not so large I would give you the best trimming you ever had.



FRESHMAN (*To Soph.*)—Is that McMahon in your class really an athlete?

SOPHOMORE—I should say so. Last year the whole Junior Class could not keep him in room 25, (*aside*) Mac. made his exit through the window.

If Hogan took that broomstick from his back.  
 If the basketball team won a game.  
 If St. Angelo passed an exam.  
 If Jennings got a haircut.  
 If Blankenship shaved off his side whiskers.  
 If Gocke should stop talking.  
 If All subscribed for a Year-Book.  
 If Aronowitz, Michel and Honellin were separated.  
 If Baumgartner failed to answer up in a quiz.  
 If Kilbourn was unable to borrow from Harman.  
 If Brehner had been married.  
 If Harman had won on the ponies.  
 If Trent would grow a real beard.  
 If the school were kept clean.  
 If fresh air blew on Rider.  
 If Blankenship did not ask Kohler for cigars.  
 If all paid their tuition on the first of October.

Bigelow (of Utah) in Dietetics lecture to Prof. Ruhräh—Professor, it seems to me that there are more nervous cases in the East than in the West."

Prof. Ruhräh—"I agree with you, but there is more excitement in the East."

Bigelow—"No, it is not that Professor, it is the way we eat."

Prof. Ruhräh—"Well, what do you eat for breakfast?"

Bigelow—"A few nuts, and some fruit."

Prof. Ruhräh—"What do you eat for lunch."

Bigelow—"Nuts and a little fruit."

Prof. Ruhräh—"What do you eat for dinner?"

Bigelow—"Some vegetables, a few nuts, and a little fruit."

Prof. Ruhräh—"Well, the only way I can account for that is that your meals do not cost enough to worry you."



Mar. 14— College Night at Fords.



Gocke— "Gentlemen, We have  
here All the latest and most  
Popular Songs of the Season." etc. etc.

Who are the " Bug House Experts? "—Roe and Holyrod.

Sistler, seeing a sign " Janeway's Diet," exclaims " January's Diet! "

Prof. Lockwood (quizzing)—" What is wrong with the patient? "  
Ben MacCleary—" Ptoſis of the left jaw, Professor."

Feb. 2, Fritz Kimzey gives his usual answer in the quiz on Anatomy, " I have not read that part, Doctor."

Dr. Ullman—" Poſal, give me the five layers of the scalp."

Poſal—" The skin, superficial fascia, occipito-frontalis muscle, deep fascia and the Peritoneum."

Dr. Samuels—" What is the wine of antimony? "

St. Angelo—" It is wine of antimony, Doctor. Prescribe it by itself if you want to prescribe it."

Keating—" I think that I will be a great physician because I have bumps on my forehead like those of Aesculapius in the College Library."

Hannifin to Miss M—" You act toward me differently than any girl I have ever met."

Miss M—" In what way, dear."

Jack—" You have accepted me."

Dr. Morrill—" Hogan, if you were in a malarial district, and a mosquito perched on your hand; how would you know if you were in danger of infection? "

Hogan—" Why—er—Doctor, the posterior pair of legs—the posterior legs would stretch up over his back (hesitates) and the anterior pair would—

Dr. Morrill—" He would have to hang on with those."

Hanrahan—" Now that I have succeeded in securing a good photograph, my greatest desire is to have my moustache curl."



He Searches His Mind For Sounds To Tell  
How Scared He Is.

Trippett (Junior)—"Mr. Stewart (father of the baby doll in the Freshman class)—your son has joined a college fraternity. These college fraternities—

Mr. Stewart—"Never mind about breaking it gently. What ward of the Hospital is he in?"

You'll always find them sitting close  
With mouth to mouth, nose to nose.  
Talking always with moving hands,  
A trait acquired in foreign lands.  
They're here to see and see it all  
Altho' they are not very tall,  
Of course you know who they can be  
The "Three Twins"—Michel, Honellin and Arovonski.

Coughlin (who has just passed his Anatomy)—Professor Harrison, were you ever able to demonstrate by dissecting the Right Thoracic Duct?"

Professor Harrison—"Young man, there is no such structure, and don't ever attempt to demonstrate one on the examination paper."

It is said that Frank Steinke is a warm advocate of the Weir-Mitchell rest cure.

Broke, broke, broke—

I'm as broke as the waves in the sea;  
I would I could fling in their clutches  
The bills that have come to me.

Ah, well for the millionaire sport  
That he rides in his automobile!  
Oh well for the *nouveau riche*  
That he eats his Waldorf meal.

And the creditors still come on,

And camp at my chamber door;  
But, oh for the sight of my vanished "cash"  
And the credit that is no more.

Broke, broke, broke—

And I would they were all in the sea,  
But the day when my "credit was good"  
Will never come back to me!

E. S. H.

Professor Stokes (stopping on the street corner)—"What's the matter, little boy?"

Willie—"Oh! mother sent me to get a bottle of milk and I fell down and broke it."

Prof. Stokes (consoling)—"Oh, never mind, don't cry over a little thing like spilt milk. Very likely it was full of germs, anyway."



Driscoll sitting for his picture.



Going To The Health Department.



A telegram sent by Shea (freshman) asking for five dollars, brought the following reply, "Take care of your money. I can't dig it up in the back yard.—Your father."

Barber—"Which side will I part your hair on?"

O'Connor—"The middle will do as well as anywhere. There are about six on one side and half a dozen on the other."

Prof. Ruhräh—"Kahle, what is the difference between an antidote and an antagonist?"

Kahle—"An antidote is to be taken before the poison, and the antagonist is to be taken afterwards."

Harman—"Oh, Zurch! what is the Flexner-Harris bacillus?"

Zurcher (with show of great wisdom)—"That causes diphtheria."

Keating (at 'phone)—"Hello, is this Miss ——? Well, this is Dr. Keating, and I have *Mr.* Daly with me."

Daly (interrupting)—"Well, I am just as much a doctor as he is, even if I have never skinned a rabbit."

He saw her 'neath her summer shade,  
With her charming deep blue eyes,  
Almost inviting him to partake  
Of the pleasures of Paradise.

But he simply smiles, and she moves on  
With a form like a mystic flower,  
And his chance is lost which might have won  
In that most opportune hour.

And then they wonder how it was  
The fellow had not kissed her;  
The answer is a simple one,  
The girl was his own sister.

J. F. F.



T. O'Brien hustling trunks  
during vacation at the  
Hotel de Breean.

At the next banquet, will someone remind Bill Goeke that he will probably have other opportunities of drinking champagne.

Prof. Novak (in Physiology class)—"Segarra, what is Leukopenia, and how is it obtained?"

Freshman Segarra (who thinks that his boarding house does not give enough to eat)—"Professor, Leukopenia is the loss of white blood corpuscles and may be obtained at my boarding house."

Hanrahan (wearing an evening suit for the first time)—"Are these little holes in the bosom of my shirt for air?"

Who in the Faculty Room did stray  
Mid "Profs" his learning to display?  
Our Billy Boy!

But when the news reached the gang  
In choral unison they sang  
"Oh look who is our 'Prof' this day,  
Who? Our Billy Boy."





Hall Attending Lectures.



## Strictly Medical

A canine's lung is in Bill Brown,  
His friends are all agog;  
Though once the laziest man in town,  
He's now working like a dog.

Miss Dolly Bly is often seen  
To give her skirts a swish;  
One eye is hers, and one's a cat's,  
Which makes her kittenish.

The stomach of a steer is sewn  
Inside of William Fox,  
And so 'tis not surprising he  
Is eating like an ox.

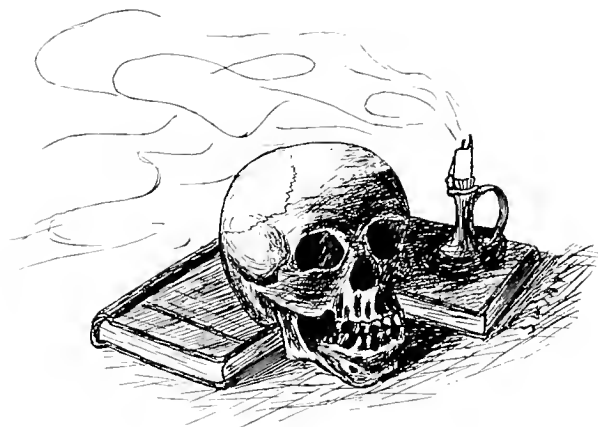
Though he is always butting in,  
Don't put the blame on Sydney.  
It was a goat that saved his life;  
They're of the self-same kidney.

*J. F. Flynn, '11.*

## Statistics of Senior Class

<i>Name</i>	<i>Former Occupation</i>	<i>Chum</i>	<i>Strong Point</i>	<i>Failing</i>	<i>Amusement</i>	<i>Choice Article of Diet</i>	<i>Favorite Article of Dress</i>
ANDERSON	Mormon Elder	Bolton	Matrimony	Mustache	Going to the Gayety	Alfalfa	Specs
AYDON	Scissor grinder	Campbell	Fighting	Big nose	Catching flies	Spaghetti	Red hair
BARRY	Veterinarian	Seiwel	Stock exchange	Molesty	Talking of Boston	Baked beans	Carnation and Vandyke
BOND	Raising peanuts	Himself	Smoking	Ladies	Youngs' Music Hall	Peanuts	Green tie
BENSON	Bottle blowing	Giorgessi	Hot air	Sleeping in class	Moving pictures	Ask Giorgessi	Grey suit and curly hair
BERNE	Minister	Kippert	Loud talking	Plugging	~pooning	Hash	Derby hat
BLANKENSHIP	Shoemaker	Brehmer	Matrimony	Side lines	Playing with them	Sausage	Red ties and frat pins
BONNESS	Boot black	Costello	Attending lectures	Bathing	Women	Chop suey	Largestick pin and green socks
BREIDWER	Farmer	Blankenship	Girls	Matrimony	Poker	Liver and onions	Fra. pins
BOLTON	Country school teacher	Anderson	Dancing	Swearing	Ladies	Bacon and eggs	Green suit
BLANES	Cigar roller	Laham	His voice	Mustache	~studying	Lobsters	Black suit
CAMPBELL	Prize fighter	Aydon	Buttin' in	Fighting	Looking in the mirror	Limburger cheese	Brown suit and yellow shoes
CREMERINE	Had none	Grounds	Visiting Rosenthal	Singing	Red Moon	Egg nog	Cane
CRONIN	Musician	Has none	Whiskers	In love	Singing	Force	~cissor tail coat
COSTELLO	Pill roller	Bonness	His feet	Matrimony	Bridge whist	Malted milk	Black suit and cigar
DAVISON	Quack doctor	Has none	Lyceine	Taking notes	Watching on	Ground hog	Beaver hat
DUNALLEY	Hotel clerk	Locher	Motor boating	Making love	Prizefighting	Potatoes (Irish)	Watch chain and locket
DALY	Evangelist	Hanrahan	Cribbing	Knocking	Rathskeller	Clim chowder	Specs
FISHER	Bill Poster	Siedel	Drinking beer	Car riding	Eating	Mellin's food	Flashy ties
FROTZHIM	Pug list	Urbanski	Boxing	Studying	Monumental	Sauerkraut	Sweater
FLEMMING	Lumberman	Higgins	Ralls	Ladies	Theaters	Cabbage	Green suit
FOX	Horse Jockey	Lisler	Plugging	Photography	Hunting Sister	Lam and Eggs	Hose and tie to match
FUNALSTON	Hook agent	Some freshman	A winning smile	Whistling	Studying	Frog legs	Fancy vests
GIORGESSI	Butcher	Benson	Drinking champagne	Matrimony	Eating	Bologna and stale bread	Light suit and big hat
GROUND	Grid organ man	Cresmerine	Graceful form	Riding in a taxi	Set back	Beans and cabbage	Flashy ties and shoes
GRISSINGER	Fisherman	Blake	Making love	Fondness for girls	Smiling	Apple dumplings	Brown suit
GOLDMAN	Wool sorter	Naimon	Shorthand	Being quiet	Lubins	Catsup and beans	Curley hair and smile
HIGGINS	Stenographer	Flemming	Writing	Is in love	Writing love letters	Limburger and onions	Black suit
HOLROYD	Snake charmer	Mayseles	His nose	Looking out for No. 1	Writing home	Soup and rice	Blue suit and opal ring
HUNTLE	Harper	Walsh	Taking water	He's married	Spooning	Liver and onions	Tan shoes and black suit
HUGHES	Elevator boy	Langlais	Walking	Singing	Talking of the future	Sardines and cake	Brown suit
HOLFSON	Auctioneer	Daily	Melodious voice	Cursing	Taking walks	Chicken and beer	Black suit
HANRIMAN	Herding swine	Hunter	Matrimony	Religion	Rathskeller	Corn on the cob	Scrambled shirt
HARPER	Farmer	Lanzsdorf	Pediculi	Smoking	Gayety	Bologna and cheese	Blue tie and brown suit
KAMLI	Oil driller	McDonnell	His disposition	Making speeches	Indoor sport	Him and eggs	White tie and glasses
KLAFFING	Organ grinder	Schoffer	Buttin' in	Tiring	Feeding rabbits	Beans and onions	Specs and big nose
KOSYON	Insurance agent	Powers	Sleeping	Fighting	Catching flies	Amos's 13c lunches	Smile and tan shoes
KELSLA	Fisherman	Happy Hooligan	Studying	Asking questions	Ladies Company	Chop suey	Red hair and glasses
KINSEY	Circus man	Holson	Cigarette	Whistling	Displaying his puellige	Succotash	Big shoes and double chin
LANGLAIN	Blacksmith	Noland	Matrimony	Cussing	Smiling	Beans and corn	Kinky hair and smile
LITTLE	Dairyman	Dunvalley	Chewing tobacco	Mustache	Visiting in New York	Bacon and eggs	Brown suit and glasses
LOCHER	Orator	Blanes	Whistries	Has none	Making dates	Clim chowder	Curly hair and blue suit
LOHMAN	Street Drummer	Roache	His nose	Writing love letters	Moving pictures	Turnip soup	Note book and gloves
LOHR	Hotel Cook	Kable	Stock market	Society	Horse races	Fish and fruit	Slouch hat and scrambled shirt
LORENSDORF	New shop			His nose			

<i>Name</i>	<i>Former Occupation</i>	<i>Chum</i>	<i>Strong Point</i>	<i>Failing</i>	<i>Amusement</i>	<i>Choice Article of Diet</i>	<i>Favorite Article of Dress</i>
McGINN	Baker	Kimsey	Too small to have any	Vandyke	Smoking	Steak and beans	Derby hat and tan shoes
McMILLAN	Cowpuncher	Seymour	Talking	Asking questions	Sam's Club	Corn soup	Blue suit
McDEDE	Messenger boy	Any—Irishman	Swearing	Appointments	Sam's Club	Oysters and milk	Light suit and dashy ties
McCLEARY	Valet	"James"	Pathology	Talking of Johns Hopkins	Talking to ladies	Bananas and tea	High collar
McDONNELL	Carpenter	Keating	Hot air	Being behind	Loafing	Cheese and pickles	High collar and big tie
MAYSELS	Peddler	Holroyd	Laboratory work	Talking	Studying	Beans and sausage	Red tie
MOORE	Ox driver	Himself	Keeping quiet	Sociability	Has none	Ice cream	Sober face
MAXON	Notary public	Everybody	Sociability	Admiration of ladies	Young's Music Hall	Custard pie	Blue suit
NEWELL	Tobacco grower	Berry	Cheving tobacco	Being in love	Talking	Streak and eggs	Light suit
NAIMON	Harrison Street merchant	Siedel	His eyes	No one knows	Talking to children	Petstimmons	Black hair and specs
NOLAND	Lightning rod agent	Little	Singing	Expressing his opinion	Being in the way	Tomatoes and eggs	Soft shirt and black tie
POWERS	Ant eater	Kelsea	Fighting	Red hair	Writing love letters	Amos's 13c lunches	Light vest and frat pin
QUINN	Singing Master	Smith	Taking water	Making love	Vaudeville shows	Chicken salad	Green tie
ROE	Moon fixer	Trent	Whistling	Big feet	Too numerous to mention	Unecda biscuit	Bow tie
RIPPERT	Elevator boy	Burne	Laughing	Ladies	Eating	Soup beans	Blue suit
ROACHE	Baker	Tuckmillan	Singing	Making love	Gayety	Strawberry shortcake	Black suit
SEYMOUR	Artist Model	McMillan	Sleeping	Dislike for women	Ask Sweeney	Pork chops	Red sweater
SHILLINGSBURGH	Junk dealer	Sayer	Beer drinking	Work	Gathering buckeyes	Watermelon	Blue suit
SCHAEFFER	Moonshiner	Kaeyan	Devotion to widows	Chewing stogies	Talking	Oyster on half shell	Diamond ring
SMITH	Floor walker	Quinn	Bluffing	Wasting time	Breaking hearts	Potatoes and peas	High collar and red tie
SISLER	Undertaker	Fox	Studying	Dancing	Basketball	Pie and gravy	Fancy hose and tie
SWEENEY	Circus clown	Stambaugh	Attending lectures	Matrimony	Visiting the dispensary	Chop suey	Brown suit
STEINKE	Saloon keeper	Vogt	Weir Mitchell rest cure	Making love	Studying	Beef steak	White tie
STAMBAUGH	Paperhanger	Sweeney	Taking water	Has none	Looking in the Mirror	Chicken pie	Green socks and tie
SKILTON	Barber	Young	Courting	Weakness for ladies	Being quizzed	Razor soup	Light overcoat
SIEDEL	Broker	Naimon	Plugging	Making speeches	Calling on ladies	Cabbage and beans	Black suit
SAVER	Had none	Shillingsburgh	Smoking	Gracefulness	Eating	Oyster pie	Light suit
TUNNIN	Painter	Himself	Attending lectures	Being in love	Apple sauce	Sauerkraut	Grey suit and light hat
TUCKMILLER	Booze artist	Roache	Swearing	Dancing	Making a noise	Bacon and eggs	Brown suit
TRENT	Farmer	Roe	Whiskers	Modesty	Not known	Lobster stew	Red tie and grey suit
URBANSKI	Not known	Fratzheim	Looking pious	Talking	Monumental	Beans	Black suit
VOGT	Cab driver	Steinke	Singing	Sleeping in class	Visiting home	Cream Cheese	Light suit and tan shoes
WALSH	Cattle dealer	Hughes	Smoking	Moustache	Sleeping	Limburger and onions	Red tie and black suit
YOUNG	Bricklayer	Skilton	Loafing	Attending lectures	Staying in library		Silly smile



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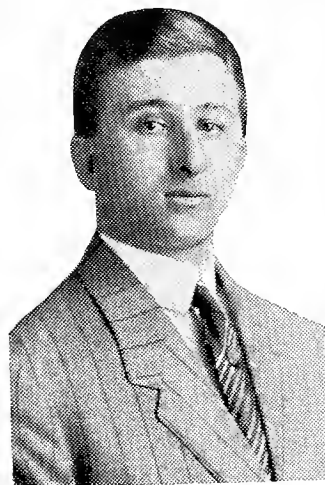
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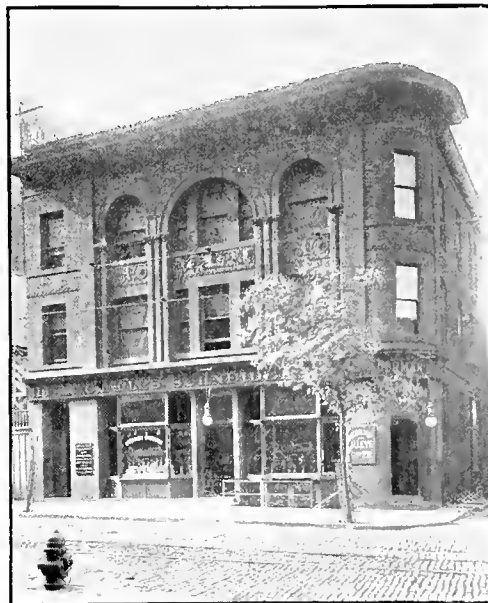
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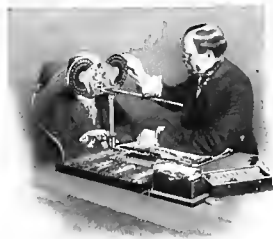
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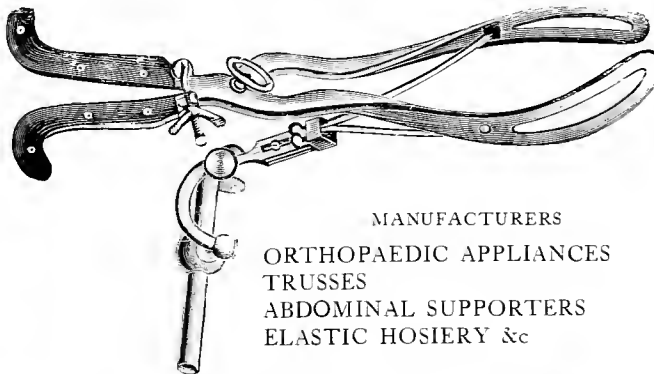
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